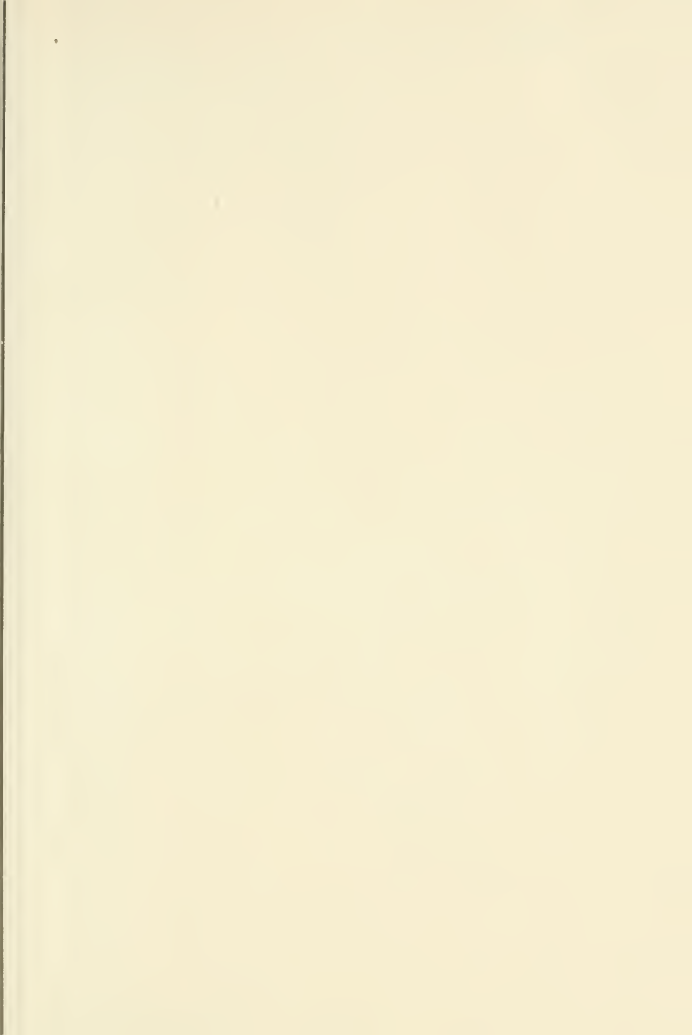










Olin Winfield Page.

LIFE PICTURES

—AND—

OTHER POEMS

—BY—

✓
Olin Winfield Page.

—
NEW LONDON, CONN.

1892.

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PREFACE.

This book is the product from employment of "spare moments," now and then, among the hours of a life, crowded full, it would seem, of busy and absorbing work. Some of it has been written in the sick-room, in intervals from severe pain. The thought was there conceived as a testimonial to kind friends in times when their gentle ministrations seemed God sent. But the work has grown upon me and I offer it to the public. May it bring to others in reading as much interest and pleasure as its preparation has given me. Many of the shorter poems have already been published in periodicals, but the greater part of the work is for the first time put forward.

THE AUTHOR.

DEDICATION.

To the members of the "Berean Society" of New London, Conn., whose companionship and aid have enabled me to grasp the secret of true living, and to the kind friends, who in the hour of sickness and bereavement have kindly and lovingly fulfilled the injunction to "bear one anothers' burdens," this book is affectionately inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

“Red like crimson, made like snow ;”

’Tis the work of Saviour born
In the far-off Bethlehem
On a lovely Christmas morn.

Looking at the crimson berries,
In their ruddy, glossy sheen,
Peeping out amid the festoons
Of the twining evergreen ;

And then glancing from the window
At the white and spotless snow,
As I sit in warmth and comfort
Of the firelight’s pleasant glow.

How a vision comes before me
Of a child in manger laid ;
Of the first God-given Christmas,
Ere an awful debt was paid ;

And the shrieking of the storm-king,
Whirling snow wreaths round the wall,
Dies away to eastern breezes,
Swaying leaves of palm trees tall.

Then I see a baby nestled,
Just the same as any child,
Where a mother's eye is resting,
Sweet and tender, pure and mild.

Sheltered only by a stable,
From whose rafters cobwebs hung,
Wisps of straw the flooring littered,
Careless left where dropped or flung.

Not the place for suff'ring mother,
Not the place for baby boy,
But the Christ came poor and lowly,
Not life's riches to enjoy.

But a star was shining o'er it,
Silver bright it beaming hung,
While the earth and heaven were ringing
With the songs the angels sung.

Then I see three wayworn trav'lers,
Long their beards, they're wise and old,
But the first of gifts they're bringing,
Of frankincense, myrrh and gold.

And the first of Christmas presents
That the world has ever known,
Are, by the wisest of people,
At the feet of Christ laid down.

These the lessons I am learning,
Through the ages handed down :
That the best, most joyous Christmas,
We shall find through Christ alone ;

There was sweetness, there was fragrance,
In this offering of old,
Mingled with the strong endurance
Of the tried and shining gold.

Now I see, for little children,
For the weak ones of the earth,
There are gifts, which we bestowing,
Are to Christ of priceless worth.

O the gifts of love, with loving
Reaching out of helping hands;
Blessed giving, blest receiving,
Christmas gifts in Christian lands.

So I wish you all a Christmas,
Glad and merry, I am sure;
Very fragrant, e'en its memories,
And as gold undim'd and pure.



PASSING THROUGH THE JORDAN.

Yes, my Lord, I hear Thy voice,
 Calling for full surrender,
And I will no longer strive
 'Gainst love so strong and tender ;

Thou art speaking to my soul,
 And Thy words with fire are wreathed,
Bowling down before Thy Spirit
 What a longing prayer is breathed :—

“ Thou hast loved me with love
 Everlasting Thou hast said,
Through the wilderness didst guide me,
 Out of depths Thy hand hath led.

“ I am weaker than the weakest,
 Thou art mighty, strong to hold ;
Let Thine arms be underneath me,
 Surely, safely me enfold.

“Now I feel Thee close beside me,
And Thy hand is clasping mine;
In Thy paths O lead and guide me,
To Thy truth my heart incline.

“Take me, loving Saviour, take me!
Consecrated! O my King!
Show me now some little message
How to carry, or to bring

“From this well of Thy salvation
Water pure and sweet and clear,
That the thirsting ones may drink it
While my Saviour draws them near.”



PRAY FOR ME.

Pray for me?

When the stars are gleaming
In the silence of the night,
List'ning angels watch to gather
Threads of gold and pearls of light :
Precious jewels in His sight!
Threads of gold thy prayers are woven
Into cords, whose strength shall be
Far beyond death's hand to sever,
Strong for good, their power we'll see
Meeting in eternity.

Pray for me!

In the gath'ring twilight,
As the mystic shadows fall
O'er the loveliness of nature,
God will hear your softest call;
He who heeds the sparrow's fall.

Golden cords are strongly woven,
Though a prayer is but a thread ;
God of love, we bow before Him,
Without fear and without dread,
For the Saviour's hand has led.

Pray for me!

When the golden sunshine
Fills the morn with sparkling light,
Then the dewdrops are like tear drops
Shed against the powers of night ;
Prayerful tears are pearls of light.
Charge o'er us His angels given,
Tears and prayers, e'en heart-throbs known,
Golden threads and glist'ning jewels,
Earnest pleadings at the throne ;
He will hold us, all His own.



TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

Have you stood beside a brooklet
In the shadows of the night?
Heard the voices of the waters
As they take their phantom flight?

Has the beauty of the cadence,
As it trembled on the air,
Woke within your heart a longing,
Brought to life an earnest prayer?

Has a presence, grim and solemn,
Spoken of a past that's gone,
As you listened to the rippling
Of the waters pressing on?

Did you seek, and in the seeking
Know that God was brooding there?
Was the scene, though darkly shrouded,
To your senses passing fair?

If you've seen it as I've seen it,
If you know it as I know,
Ere the dawning comes upon it,
Kindling into life and glow ;

Though the night scene holds a beauty,
And a presence, felt and known,
Of a God who surely loves you,
Who would claim you for His own ;

Though the stars are shining o'er you,
Gem-like in the sky of night,
Yet there comes an eager longing
For a fuller, clearer sight.

God be praised when day is breaking,
Backward rolled the glooms of night,
And a richer, thrilling beauty,
Sun-touched, glows with golden light ;

Fresh'ning zephyrs breathe around you,
Fragrant laden by the flowers,
Where the dewdrops, lovely tear drops,
Gathered in the darker hours ;

When the songs of praise are swelling,
Thrilling, on the trembling air,
When you join the feathered songsters
Praises singing, filled with prayer :—

For your heart holds deep communion
With the loving heart of God,
And the way that once seemed dreary,
Which your feet but sadly trod,

Is the way that's bright and shining,
By the waters murm'ring low,
When your lips reach down and touch them,
Ready for their cooling flow ;

All the mists and all the darkness
Surely vanished, fled away,
In the bright, the lovely dawning
Of a pure and gladsome day.

Thus our lives ; God surely leads us
Where the living waters flow,
And where once we walked 'mid shadows
There is earnest life and glow.

As we bow to take the waters,
Thirsting for the pure and good,
We are ever higher reaching
For true man or womanhood.

May the Son be ever shining
Through the life which now we live,
If come trials, if come sorrows,
Still His peace He'll always give ;

And we'll know, as we are treading
In the path that He has trod,
That our steps are heavenward tending,
Safely guided by His Word.

God is with us, earnest seeker,
In each faithful, loving life,
In our willing rounds of duty,
Out of self and free from strife.

If uncaring or unloving,
Those who see us in the way,
Still, with faith in Christ unbounded,
We will press on day by day ;

For we love our Lord far better
Than the joy the world can bring,
And each day our prayers are rising
To our Saviour, to our King,

That He'll lead us safely onward,
That He'll bless us in the way,
For His arms to safe enfold us,
Faithful hearts, with Him to stay.

Ah! Those prayers shall ne'er cease rising,
For our hearts His presence know,
And our faith unseals the Fountain
Whence the living waters flow.



“SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING.”

Tears of sorrow, hours of sadness,
Heavy mourning blent with gladness,
Sometimes this the world calls madness.

Hopes of years may pass away,
Sunlight's gold be lost in gray,
But Christ's love we have alway.

Where the rainbow's arch is gleaming,
Storm-clouds were with lightnings streaming,
But the sun behind was beaming.

Through the tears that we have known,
Has His rainbow ever shone,
Light of promise fuller grown.

'Mid the showers fresh and vernal,
In the light of life eternal,
In this glow of light supernal,

Hath the soul found deepest calms,
Though 'mid sorrows and alarms,
In the Everlasting Arms.



THANKSGIVING DAY, 1890.

There's a voice of praise in our home to-day,
The silence is broken, clouds rolled away;
The voice of a wife in pleading of prayer,
As sweetest of music now floats on the air;
And the daughter's voice, too, clear and low-
toned,
Acknowledges Him whom her heart has en-
throned.

The spell of stillness thro' years that are past
Has been broken by prayer, God's power at
last,
Unsealed lips that were dumb. Beaming eyes
And accents of love speak the soul's Paradise,
Resting in Jesus and owning His sway;
Together we praise Him this glorious day.

The smile of the sun rests down on the
earth,
The rivers blue waves are dancing with
mirth;
And o'er its waters in circles of light
Are bright, glancing wings of seagulls in
flight;
Lewis' Woods, too, in its brightest array
Meets with the river to welcome the day.

Gold flecks the shadows 'neath each arching
tree;
Light crests each wave flowing down to the
sea;
In each sheltered nook the deepest of green
Of the hardy grass-blade still may be seen;
Softly it nods in a sweet, loving way,
Glad that its Maker has saved till this day.

While the sun shines down on the thankful
earth,
And the light shines in at each soul's new
birth,

With thankful hearts, in song, blessing and
prayer,

We are praising the Lord for tender care ;
Thankful for bounty that before us is spread,
Thankful for ways in which His hand led.

Thankful for life and the blessing of health ;
Very thankful for love, hearts' precious
wealth ;

Thankful for Jesus, who comes to abide ;
O thankful to Him whate'er may betide !
Thankful to Father and thankful to Son,
Revealed by His Spirit to hearts that are one.



DREAMING.

When wandering into Dreamland,
Oft I have crossed its magic strand ;
Seen its meadows, flower tufted,
Heard its purling brooklets flowing,
Seen its mystic light, weird glowing ;
Then, in that fair realm, the life mysterious
Sent the warm blood bounding, pulsing
Thrilling into joy delirious
When I saw its shifting glories ;
As in childhood, of Fairyland,
I have read in ancient stories.

Or to deeper feeling tended,
As if earth-life here was ended,
Nothing left to weigh me down ;
Worldly laws seemed not around me,
Earthly forces no more bound me,
Time and space were nought in Dreamland ;

Into moments years were blending,
Fast were scenes or ages ending ;
As in Sahara's desert land
Before the simoom flees the sand ;
Where only plain was stretching wide,
And where was seen but level way,
Rolled billows, like an ocean's tide,
Or mountains heaped, or valleys lay.

Many, rich and rare the visions
'Neath nights' starlight have been wrought,
Many hopes have found fruition
That by day were vainly sought.
As the morning's light to nought
Makes its glories only seeming,
Is this life but only dreaming
When the present rolls away
And to-day be yesterday ?
When our life from us is fleeting
As the fabric of a dream,
Do we, will we seek a meeting
In the dawn beyond the stream ?



REST AT HIS FEET.

God hold thee, dear friend, that the light He
has given,

Unclouded shall shine in the depths of thy
heart !

Now fallen from thee is each chain He hath
riven,

For asking His wisdom to thee He'll impart.

Rest thee, dear friend, He has promised His
guiding,

Just rest thee and trust in His promises
sweet ;

If He asks thee to stay, how blest in abiding,
Drawn close to His side or to sit at His feet.

Wait thee, dear friend, 'twas a Mary that
listened,

Reclining and still, but with heart deeply
stirred ;

Pure, earnest eyes, that were love lit, soft
glistened,
As His gracious lips dropped each promise-
linked word.

Many, dear friend, are the Marthas, to please
Him
Burdened with care; but still nearer His
heart
Are the Marys that wait till "Go!" He has
bid them,
For chosen by them is the far better part.

Remember, dear friend, thy sky may be
darkened,
Yet sheltered there wait, rest in His care
to-day,
Trust in the Word to which thy soul
hearkened;
From the sun of His love shall each cloud
flee away.



HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

Christ, the Saviour, poor and lowly,
Full of meekness, pure and holy,
 He, the Son of God, a King!
Bright the Star-gem of the East
Down from heaven sheds its peace,
With a glory ne'er to cease,
 As the angel voices sing.

Children of the Lord, our King,
Shout your praises, shout and sing!
Wake the music! Louder ring
Glad Hosannas to our King!
 Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to our King!

When the world, in darkness dwelling,
Palms were waving, shouts were swelling

Welcome as an earthly king ;
Then the garden soil was wet
With the anguished, bloody sweat,
Falling down on Olivet,
Our deliverance to bring.

Crucified, the Lord of glory
Saves from sin, the old, sweet story,
Templed in our hearts He dwells ;
Eastern palm and western palm,
Loving tendrils intertwine,
Branches of the one True Vine,
And His praise now richly swells.



THE MEANING OF THE ROSES.

*Written for the Festival of Roses, held by
the children of the Cheerful Givers' Mission
Band of New London, Conn., June, 1891.*

Dear to us are the sweet wild flowers,
The blossoms of gardens, too ;
From the peeping pink,
Whose life is to drink,
The drops of the morning dew,
To the cast-down eye
Of the summer sky,
In the violet's petals blue.

Sweet to us are the scented flowers,
In their fragrance fresh and bright ;
For these blossoms fair
Tell of loving care
Of Him who robes them with light ;

Yes! from garden and grove
They are speaking of love :
God's love! listen to them to-night.

Though sweet are the blossoms of May,
Yet richer the budding June ;
For the roses come,
To answer the hum,
When wild bees their strains attune ;
Then these roses red,
Say blood has been shed,
And the way to heaven is shown.

Roses pink are blushing for you
Who His loving teachings shun ;
He wants you to-day
To go in His way,
The way of the Crucified One ;
Your feet should be light,
The path shineth bright,
Not only to walk but to run.

Roses white tell of cleansing from sin,
Of a heart unwilling to roam ;
Of a satisfied rest
On the Saviour's breast ;
His voice invites you to come ;
Of heaven's own gate,
Where the angels wait,
Rejoicing to welcome you home.



SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

When I sought God's grace for pardon
For my foul and loathsome sin,
Then through Christ, our full Atonement,
Faith I found to enter in ;
And the peace of full forgiveness
Had I, trusting in His Word ;
Then my heart grew soft and tender
At the coming of my Lord.

There is cleansing, there is healing,
In the precious, precious blood ;
Thus I found it ; yes ! I found them
When I gave up all to God.

Jesus, blessed Saviour, freed me
From a sad and weary load,
Called me lovingly and sweetly
To a pure, a blest abode ;

And I gladly, O so gladly,
Followed as I heard the call,
Followed Him where'er He lead me,
Followed Him, my all in all.

In the first, the blessed leading
Of His love, I felt so near,
There was naught to mar my comfort,
And my soul was void of fear ;
But I found as on I journeyed
In the paths where thorns were strown,
Coward fears were yet within me,
And my lips would sometimes moan.

Yes! I found that inward strivings,
Fears and outward alarms
Ever marred the blest abiding,
Or sweet resting in His arms ;
And I prayed, I cried to Jesus,
On His breast my head to lean,
Pure my heart to make and holy,
For the blood to keep me clean.

O the willing, loving resting
I have found in Him to dwell;
O the bliss of surely trusting
That He doeth all things well;
O the blessed, blessed fullness
Of the love so freely given;
O such joy and peace, a foretaste
Of eternal life, of heaven.

Yes! I'm trusting, He is keeping,
Surely cleanseth me the blood,
And the Spirit is abiding,
As He promised in His Word.



GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

“Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? * * * If it be, give me thine hand.”—
II KINGS, 10:15.

If the Saviour has redeemed you,
If you're walking in the light,
Shall we coldly pass each other?
Do you even think it right?
If the fault is yours, unthinking,
Then you've left good seed unsown,
If the pressure and the clinging
Of your helping hand's unknown.

Has Christ called you to His vineyard?
Has He washed you in His blood?
Has He whispered, “My beloved?”
Are you trusting in His Word?
Then should not our hands in meeting
Show the common tie of love
Out of pure hearts, having meaning
Of rejoicing from above?

There is strength and there is blessing,
 In the Christian path to-day,
 As our hands shall meet together
 While we're passing on our way.
 Many times has Christ released souls,
 Bound in darkness of the night,
 When the key was given in clasping
 Of the hand that let in light.

Pledge your hand unto the Master
 That it freely may reach forth,
 With no fear of loss 'or soiling,
 Without question of world-worth;
 Reach and clasp in cordial greeting
 All who are within His call,
 Let Him own it and you use it,
 Strength'ning many, lest they fall.

Should the chain of fashion's forging
 Bind the souls His blood has freed?
 Should the laws of social standing
 Blind the eyes to Christians' need?
 Will you then withhold the resting
 Of your faithful hand in mine,
 While we all need help and banding
 In this march to life divine?

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

There's a conflict ever raging,
There's a hard and bitter strife
In the war that sin is waging
'Gainst the good of every life.

Periled ones are standing, laughing,
On the brink of woe and death;
Heedless, as they're gaily quaffing
Of their wine, with songs and mirth,

Of the many sad hearts bleeding,
Of lives lost to those who love,
Of the many lips whose pleading
Falt'ring cries to Him above.

For the drink-curse ever sweeping,
Like a licensed, pois'ning flood,
Fills our land with anguished weeping;
Its bloated hand, stained with blood,

Ever signing deeds of quitclaim
 To its master, fiend of hell,
 For souls wrecked, for lives lost in shame,
 While men say they're doing well.

Doing well! "Where is thy brother?"
 Hear that voice that's sounding now?
 Are you keeper of another?
 Is the Cain-mark on your brow?

"Am I," will you God thus answer,
 "My brother's keeper?" So said
 Cain. You for this moral cancer
 Vote, though thus you strike him dead.

I'm not alone, you say? This hear,
 "His blood crieth from the ground!"
 "The sin is in the heart!" Thus near
 To you sentence may be found.

Doing well? O may God forgive
 Those who know not what they do!
 Blinded ones who voicing license live,
 Filling other lives with woe.

O for men who love souls better
Than great stores of glitt'ring pelf;
Men who dare break every fetter,
Though the cost be death to self.

Men who dare to vote as freemen,
And yet dare not shirk the right;
Men who lift up voice as Stephen,
Seeing Christ, though stoned for sight.



HEART ECHOES OF MUSIC.

Dear friend, there are touches and thrillings
of music,
Chords that answer the hand of the loving
Father,
Strings never swept save by the breath of the
Spirit ;
Not like a wind-harp, wav'ring with strains
wild and vagrant,
Now softly throbbing, trembling with joy
exstatic,
As when perfumed breeze floats near a sum-
mer sunset,
And yet again shrieking or sobbing or
wailing
In the rougher breathings of autumn or
winter.
The strings that are kept for the use of the
• Maker,

Shall thrill with the gladness of touches
eternal,
Joy and peace, deep, full, like an ocean's
inflowing,
Making music forever, and faith abiding
Shall cast out remembrance and live in the
present;
Live in the fullness of the Spirit's indwelling,
Resting, sweet resting, in Arms Everlasting,
Being obedient, in full consecration,
The holiest entered. the veil rent asunder,
'Neath the blood of the sprinkling, the High
Priest our Saviour.



FAITH WHISPERS.

Could I see as see the angels,
And write with more than mortal fire,
Still an unworthy transcription
Of a theme that ever is higher.

What do the angels feel of salvation?
They were never redeemed like me!
Surely they know not the priceless affection
Of Jesus, who died on the tree.

"Glory to God in the highest" is ringing,
"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"
For those in the shadow of death, and in
darkness,
The great light is shining now, as then.

"Blessed are they who have not seen,"
And yet believe in Christ, our Lord;

Blessed are they who walk with Him,
Doing the things of Holy Word.

Will you look for signs and wonders now?
Grasp, then, for the faith that will save,
And reach out for those now in sin,
Until saved from death in the grave.

Do you think the time of miracles past?
Look you! See His redeeming grace
In peace, that comes from newness of heart,
Loving God, it beams from the face.

Abiding in Christ, and He in us,
Pray the prayer that He has given:—
“Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
In earth, as it is in heaven.”

Then go forth with a brave, true heart,
In which their meaning is fully shrined;
Then live your life, doing your part,
And the kingdom of God you'll find

Is ever still nearer growing,
Nearer to earth again the strain
Ringing through heavenly courts above,
As it once rang on Bethlehem's plain.



THE WINE OFFERING.

“In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering.”—NUM. 28:7.

O God, to Thee our hearts incline,
That we may pour the strong, sweet wine
Out in the holy place;
An off’ring meet for Thee we’d bring,
Our God, our Saviour and our King,
Then fill us with Thy grace.

We would not, O Thou Holy One,
Offer to Thee, as to Thy Son
Was offered at the cross,
A bitter draught; myrrh with the wine;
Deceiving man, not the Divine,
To our eternal loss.

If manhood, full and brimming up
 With wine of life, shall fill the cup,
 The wine of strength or grace;
 Earnest heart, obedient will,
 The best of our manhood for Thee still,
 Thine in the holy place.

If woman's hand with woman's grace,
 Potent for good or to deface,
 The chalice full shall hold;
 Loving of heart, with fervent glow,
 Thy purest service hers to know,
 Hers not to mar but mould.

Not mixed with bitter worldly strife,
 Nor with fashion's frivolous life,
 Nor under passion's sway;
 For sensuous life we would not plan,
 We would glorify Thee, not man,
 The wine poured sweet each day.

To Thee to give our first and best,
 In Thee our hearts to fully rest,
 Kept by Thy given grace;

Service of love to pour strong wine
From choicest fruit, strength of the Vine,
Sweet in the holy place.

Ah! the branches that closest cling
To the life-giving Vine, and spring
Freed from the crimson stain,
Laden with fruit shall bear for Thee
Still through time and eternity
An off'ring to remain.



Part XX.



LIFE PICTURES.



REMARKS.



In this poem, or what might be more correctly, perhaps, be designated as "poems within a poem," I have not sought to tell the story of my life, but only to bring out some of the scenes and scenery my memory dwells upon in retracing the experiences of former days. I have tried to delineate their characteristics faithfully, and as they were seen when my life was among them. I have not taken much advantage of the poet's liberty of change, for I have wished to be true both to nature and to life. The only places I could be charged with doing so is where I have used the words lakelet or lake.

It is well-known that among the dwellers of northern New England, and in New Hampshire, especially, every body of still water is called a pond if it is not very large, indeed. Thus Winnipiseogee is called a lake, for it is a large body of fresh water where steamers can run over a course of thirty miles, but Massabe-

sic, until lately, has been called a pond, though well entitled to be dignified with the title of a lake, for it is about twenty-seven miles around it, and steamers run eight miles in almost a direct course. Why it should have borne the name of Massabesic Pond so long without question no one knows. Many other really picturesque little lakes are called ponds. In other countries they would have some beautiful or worthy name terminated with the word lake.

The names Mosquito Pond, Harvey's Pond, Nutt's Pond, Joe English Pond, do not convey the right or a fair idea of these beautiful little gem lakes, set in as lovely scenes as one could wish to feast their eyes upon.

In Florida the reverse is known, as it was quaintly expressed by a resident of New Hampshire on returning from a long sojourn in the South, "everything in the way of a body of still water as big as a kitchen floor is called a lake."

I have tried, therefore, to convey the true idea without regard to the local designation.

THE AUTHOR.

LIFE PICTURES.



On the walls of mem'ry's chamber, painted
by a master's hand ;
Not the pictured scenes of fancy in a bright,
ethereal land ;
Not a scenic artist's copy, where effect is
skillful shown,
Only by a shallow seeming of a way not fully
known ;
But the scenes of life's own tracing, clear and
sharp in every stroke,
Showing there the deepest meaning where the
brightest light has broke,
By the boldness of their showing 'gainst the
densest shadows' play,
As the somber gloom of woodland clearest
outlines the midday.

Should I fail, not skilled in tracing, all these
lines to reproduce,
Still I wish to bring a pleasure, may they
also have a use ;
And though simple, although rough-hewn,
many scenes to you may seem,
Still they had their birth in real life, not the
web and woof of dream ;
And when viewing you may find there, woven
in among the lines,
Words and thoughts of earnest meaning,
pregnant of the aftertimes,
Should there, then, no deeper feeling than
poetic thought be stirred,
Let them fade as all things earth-born, sinking
down like wounded bird.

Though the wings of fancy's pluming far out-
speeds the eagle's flight,
If they soar not in the sunlight they will end
in darkest night ;
If romance holds forth a false light, it shines
out amid the gloom,

Still it dances o'er corruption, leading only to
the tomb;
Glim'ring out from dark morasses, where the
trav'lers lose their way,
Fading, dying if you hold it in the light of
present day;
Then e'en realities trifles may outweigh this
film of air;
Still a twining spray from fancy forms a
wreath exceeding fair.

Let me, now, before your vision bring one
happy summer day,
Just one day of peaceful resting, on a toil-
some, weary way;
Happy day of happy meaning, like a star of
light to me,
Shining out upon the waters of a bitter, rest-
less sea;
For the chafing, tossing, throbbing of my life
was stilled that day,
Like the peaceful, sunlit lakelet, 'neath the
sky of blue and gray,

On whose shores I stood in casting out the
 woven fishing line,
 While sweet nature flushed with beauty, like
 a love-won, tender sign :—

TROT AND BENNIE.

When I watched the bright'ning morning,
 Felt its bounding pulses thrill,
 Saw it shoot its golden arrows,
 Quiv'ring o'er each Granite hill;
 Then the veiled and night-bound forest,
 Whisp'ring stirred to meet the day,
 Waking up the cradled songsters,
 Crowding fast each sweet-toned lay.

Then I heard the wood-lark singing
 With the flitting chickadee,
 And I heard him swiftly mounting,
 Boldly whistling, fast and free,
 While the bobolink was calling,
 Calling to him yet again,
 Till a thousand other pipings
 Filled each woodland, field and glen.

Far behind us in the distance,
In their royal purple hue,
Rising, melting all their sharp lines
Into haze of azure blue,
Were the brothers Uncanoonuc,
Side by side, so stately, fair,
With their tree-crowns in the sunlight
Drinking in the mountain air.

At their feet lay farms and houses,
In a yet unbroken rest;
This we saw in glancing backward,
Swelling, lifting in the west.
We had left the streets and pavements,
Left them all behind, far back;
Left the noisy, busy city,
Close beside the Merrimack;

Whose swift, onward-flowing waters,
Tending ever to the sea,
Is a restless type and emblem
Of the city's heart to me.
City of the whirring spindles,
Of the many woven strands,

Where the weary mill-girls toiling,
 ° Straying thoughts but busy hands,

Sad have seen their life-dreams fading
 With the roses of their cheeks,
 While the endless shuttles' clicking
 Told the hours and days and weeks,
 A funeral bell, whose striking
 Was a knell where hope had flown,
 Drowning songs that still would well up
 In its loud, harsh monotone.

City full of hurrying traffic,
 Grasping gain and heavy loss;
 Shops where metal red and flaming
 Soon would frame the iron horse.
 Part and unit of the city,
 On this day I gladly flee,
 Leaving all your dust and worry,
 From your trammels to be free.

Happy morning! golden dawning!
 Long-drawn shadows* crossed the way;

But with hopeful steps and eager
Pressing toward the fuller day ;
Breasting up the sloping hillsides,
Sun-shot valleys passing through,
Drinking in the scented nectar
Of the roses wet with dew.

Oh ! the sweetness of that morning
Makes the pulses throb and leap,
Even in the dear recalling,
In memory's backward sweep,
As again I see a lakelet
Shining low among the hills,
Green-fringed shores and pebbly beaches
Broken by the trickling rills.

Clearer still I see a maiden
Standing by my side that day,
Better pleased to give a pleasure
Than engage in childhood's play ;
Sunny eyes, whose depth and softness
Borrowed were from heaven's deep blue,
Ambient hair, whose clust'ring richness
Blent with gold a tawny hue.

Have you seen a child unselfish,
Ever thoughtful for another,
Full of tender ways of caring
As a faithful, loving mother;
Just a little eight years' darling,
Taking up with sweetest grace
Duties, with a glad assuming,
That care-line many a face.

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For I see a crippled brother,
Happy, earnest, loving, too,
Just as true in willing service,
In his way, to plan and do.
Then this sister, lightly tripping,
Was his own, untiring feet,
Ever quick to do his bidding,
In her maiden way so sweet.

Joyous Bennie, happy Bennie,
With this gentle sister rare,
Teaching now a heart-deep lesson
With your patient, watchful care;
Ah! you know not how your weakness
Helped a weaker one that day,

How your kindness and your loving
Yet once more lit up my way.

With the little maiden near me,
Where the ripples kissed her feet,
I had asked her what her name was,
"Trot," she said, with manner sweet;
"But another name, you surely,
Must have had?" I said and thought;
"Yes, my name is Nellie," said she,
"But they always call me Trot."

And this name of homely seeming
She had shrined with happy thought,
In its best and deepest meaning,
And she loved the name of "Trot."
Ever ready, ever willing,
Forward not, but quick to know,
And her work of love was motion,
Moving quickly to and fro.

When the noonday sun was sending
Down its yellow, heated glare,

And the broad-leafed corn was bending,
Rolling 'neath its wilting power,
In the country barn we rested,
Doors flung wide at either end ;
New mown hay, its life exhaling,
To the breezes fragrance lend.

There to us was brought the fruitage
Red and ripe, strawberries rare,
Kindly sent to help our luncheon,
In our little maiden's care.
Then she fed her teasing pet crows,
Two, with callow life endued,
Scarcely ceasing in their crying
While they swallowed down their food.

Bread and milk she swiftly fed them,
Filled each wide distended beak,
Till at last they sank to silence,
Satisfied, their rest to seek.
Fast the time passed till the sunset
Burned the life out of the day ;
When we parted promised meeting,
Nevermore to meet that way.

Perhaps, in painting this day, I have failed
in color or tone ;
Perhaps, I have laid too great a stress on
what these children done ;
But children e'er have greatest part in this
world of ours to-day ;
The lesson of trust and hope that's given, is
childhood's simple way :
Have you not read the prophet's words, in
the old scripture story,
Where the meaning shines through, so true,
the coat of allegory ?
How the wolf and lamb, the leopard and kid,
and rav'ning lion, too,
Side by side should lie 'mid pasture sweet,
where peaceful waters flow ;

The hand obeyed, the hand to lead, 'tis that
of a little child,
But it changes them all as they come at His
call, not one is wild ;
And in the teaching is brought to us, in
simple trust to know,

The kingdom of God is entered in as children
only do ;
And out of the mouth of children, too, the
scriptures fully teach,
Perfected praise to Him was raised, and His
heart did surely reach ;
So the way and sowing of love, by this true
sister and brother,
Was early known, and joyfully sown, preferring
one another.

Just now, a simple, outline sketch, all un-
shaded, I will bring,
It is of a rustic maid when her life was a
lightsome thing.
Oh ! could we see in our sunny youth, what
future years shall show,
Our hearts would stand still at the coming ill
and shadow of woe ;
And could I have seen years ago, when these
lines were lightly drawn,
The lowering cloud to blacken that life, at
the threshold of dawn,

Would I have beckoned her back, and with
daring kindness to warn
Have swept the blooming flowers aside, un-
masking the cruel thorn?

THE BAREFOOT GIRL.

Where the willow's plumes are waving
Light and feath'ry in the breeze;
Where the music of the waters
Rippling plays beneath the trees;

Where the sun, with diamond sparkles,
Glistens on the wavelet's crown,
There a barefoot maiden wanders
In the brooklet, up and down.

Care-free and light-hearted maiden,
Where the dancing waters flow,
Deeming there is joy in living
In impassioned summer's glow;

Maiden, conning o'er life's lesson
 In its first and fairest look,
 Idly straying, in your playing,
 In the waters of the brook ;

As the waters of the brooklet
 Fast into the river flow,
 So your maidenhood is passing
 Into woman's life and glow.

Barefoot maiden, now life's sunshine
 Brightly plays upon your brow,
 Let your lips be true and truthful,
 And your heart but pureness know.

Though life's lesson fraught with sorrow
 Sadly sometimes may be wrought,
 Let each day be ever bringing
 Worthy gain in deed and thought.

•
 The scenes of my youth the brook shines
 through, like threads of silver gleam,
 The tangled glen of the past is seen, a sweet
 but far-off dream ;

The thickets, the plains, the dusky woods,
 where laughing waters glide,
 Or dimple and swirl, or silently steal by the
 grassy side ;
 In daring play it leaps from the rocks,
 show'ring a thousand gems,
 And the cascade laughs a tinkling peal, wash-
 ing each trunk and stem
 Of tree and flower, whose life is fed by the
 flying crystal spray,
 And the long, rank grass, a drooping plume,
 'tis swaying night and day.

I've seen the babbling waters run o'er the
 the yellow sands at noon,
 I've heard its weird and mystic tones under
 the sheen of the moon ;
 Known it when the golden glory crimson
 flushed the sky of June,
 When its chords of murm'rous music with
 the blackbird's were attuned ;
 Seen it in the wild December, lying fettered,
 - cold and still,

But its heart beneath was throbbing with the
 old, impetuous will;
 Then I heard it loudly roaring when the
 south wind set it free;
 And in all its moods I loved it, and it gave
 its song to me:—

THE BROOK SONG.

Silver drops and crystal spray,
 Stop your crowding and flying this way!
 Be very quiet a moment, I say!
 For I'm sure I saw a spotted trout
 Softly stealing in and out
 Among the rocks of gray and pearl,
 Below the place where we dance and whirl;
 We'll press his sides in a fondling way;
 He's very shy of our boist'rous play;
 We'll wash his spots till they gleam and glow
 Bright on his armor of silver, you know.

In the softened light of the pool,
 Watching, half sleeping, dreamy and cool,
 But quickly alert, for he's no fool;

On orange-red fin he's poisoning nigh
Seeing the foam flecks go floating by ;
Where the dense alders our way embowers,
Its serrated leaves and catkin flowers
Just dipping tips in their dainty way,
He lazily spends the summer day ;
But we cannot stay, we must away,
So on we glide, so lightly gay.

Come and look among the sedges,
But be careful of soft edges ;
Safe alone the higher ridges
Where the flower-starred meadow lulls to
sleep ;
Sharp of ear and strong to leap,
Clad in suit of darkest green,
Is the queerest thing you've seen ;
And he croaks and grumbles, too,
Till he makes us feel so blue,
That we're glad to get away
From the meadow flowers gay,
Glad once more to be at play,
Rippling, laughing, as we stray.

See the whit'ning groups of birches,
 Tossing heads, as pride of riches,
 Showing silvery, feath'ry stretches;
 Leaves of glossy green and silver sheen,
 Up the sloping hillside clearly seen,
 Waving back the glinting gleam and flash,
 Of our laughing, sun-kissed wavelets' dash;
 Whisp'ring, calling, beckoning, singing,
 Back the winds sweet messages bringing,
 Still aloof in proud but tender grace,
 While our heart would shrine their form
 and face.

'Neath the drooping willows look,
 In the cool and shady nook,
 Where the green-walled shadows mock,
 All the sun's fierce means and ways
 For to force our secret place;
 Here in silence cool and deep
 Quietly we wish to sleep;
 Depth of slumbrous shadows seek,
 When across our placid cheek
 Scratch the water-skater's feet;
 'Neath his touch the dimples meet,

Till we laughing slide away
Where the sparkling sunbeams play.

Sweet are the days of the summer's sun,
Of the birds' sweet songs, of the bees' deep
 hum,
When as beauty's rivals the flowers come ;
When roses blush as the wooing breeze
Softly toys under the whisp'ring trees ;
When the columbine and wild bluebell
Nod to each other across the dell ;
When tremulous June breathes love's fond
 sigh,
Close to the lips of ardent July ;
Ah ! sweet are those days so laden with
 love
Running with joy wherever we rove.

When the snow-stars softly falling,
Winds and winter days are calling,
Then the crystal ice-yoke galling,
Binds us hard and fast and deep ;
And o'er summer's grave we weep,

As we see the storm shroud drifted
Where the lily's head was lifted
In the morn of yesterday ;
Oh ! so soon to fade away !
Its loveliness and its perfumed breath
Buried in the pallid chill of death !

Cold in the ice fast bound we must stay,
Vanished the past of frolicsome play,
But in the smile of the bright spring
day,
The breath shall come of the Southland
warm,
Loosing the fetters of chilling storm ;
Aha ! we'll shout in our rising pride,
Brimming o'er full, like a river's tide ;
Dashing like a wild, riderless steed,
Foaming and fierce, fast onward to speed ;
But springtime's balm shall still our wild
wrath,
Singing we'll run in the old-time path.

Sometimes we look at a lovely sight with
 blended pleasure and pain,

It is to us a sacred thing, and yet it is sold
 for gain :—

Ah! once I saw in the white moonlight a
 maiden wondrous fair,

From her low-crowned hat, on her forehead
 set, flashed a silver star.

Oh! it was a glowing picture for a poet's
 worthy theme,

Of old seen in the creation of an artist's
 angel dream ;

Pictured softly in that moonlight, seeming
 pure and true and good,

Standing there a lovely maiden with the
 charms of womanhood.

Yes! back of the darkened shading I see
 the clear-cut face,

And that shining star looms up afar, before
 the world's disgrace :—

Oh! the love of gold! 'twas the mother's
 fault ; a wedded lie ;

A sorrowful life of legal sin, one long and
 hopeless sigh ;
 Then maddened flight ; a whirling down to
 deeper shame and stain ;
 Ah then ! I said, though the world should
 scoff, a friend I would remain,
 And dared to search the haunt of shame for
 the friend of former years,
 And plead with her till her feet returned,
 though sad with doubts and fears.

'Twas then to rouse the failing strength the
 following lines were penned,
 And amid the darkened scenes of sin a ray
 of light to send.
 We cannot stand on the ocean's brink, and
 cast a stone away,
 But that the throb of its crystal heart shall
 reach to far Cathay ;
 We may not do one action of life, though hid
 from mortal eye,
 But it shall move the atoms of time through
 all eternity ;

The prayers to-day and the helping hand
 shall reach through the veil of years,
 And keep from the eyes of many unborn
 fountains of unshed tears :—

THE STAR ON HER BROW.

There's a vision, bright and stainless,
 Back in years of long ago,
 Shining 'midst the silv'ry sheening
 Of the moonbeams' softened glow ;
 Pure and unstained as the snow,
 From the time of long ago,
 Comes the vision of a maiden,
 With a star upon her brow.

Years that have passed, time still passing,
 Shows a pathway vainly trod ;
 For her steps have wandered wildly,
 Far from truth and faith and God.
 He alone of Cross and Rod,
 He alone, of Holy Word,
 He can guide the steps so erring,
 Fill with peace the life so void.

O for truth, faith and purity
Of those years of long ago,
When the star of life was beaming
Bright and unstained on her brow!
Unrecalled the past must go;
Yet may time in onward flow
Show at last, in fadeless splendor,
God's own star upon her brow.

Where the yellow, sweeping waters of the
Mississippi swell,
Rolling past the dark, dense forest interspersed
with prairie dell,
In a thriving Western city is the one regained,
content;
And the life once plunged in darkness is now
finding better vent,
In its ways of willing service, in a home-life
once unknown;
But the maiden of the moonlight, ere the
bitter seed was sown,
She is dead, and only memory shining through
the waste of years,
Falls like moonbeams on a statue o'er the
grave of many tears.

Let me bring a fireside picture, full of softly
shaded lines,
Blended to harmonious meaning, as in music's
dearest chimes ;
The cloud effect of years not dark'ning, only
toning the scene ;
While a pure and restful spirit, half defined
and half unseen,
Hovers as a household vision, like an angel
hovers near,
Till the sense of joy substantial far outweighs
the shadowed fear,
And a peace we understand not, yet we know
is dwelling there,
Fills the heart with earnest seeking ; loving
hearts are full of prayer.

God is love, and love must be, then, such a
true and holy thing,
Or its life will flee in grasping, and the husk
no pleasure bring.
Love is not a burning passion born and reared
in selfishness,
Seeking for itself a blessing ere it would the
other bless ;

He who loves true he will suffer that the
loved one know not pain,
He will go forth to his own loss if the dear
one is to gain ;
He who looks not, then, on woman as a
sacred thing of trust,
Cannot know the wealth of loving, and shall
fail at love's true test.

More than twenty years ago, and still the
picture fair I see,
The brow of arching sweetness, the bride who
stood so near to me ;
The tender, curving lips, love's portals of the
tremulous soul,
Giving in pure, modest richness an offering
complete and whole.
The trials and the sadness of disappointment's
darkest hour,
The pangs or benumbing stillness of affliction's
awful power,
Have not ruptured or corroded, but the color's
brighter grown,
And we're pressing on together for the starred,
immortal crown :—

THE WIFE.

The lover may breathe his passionate lay,
As restless with sighs as the sobbing sea;
The loved one's eyes dim the stars of the sky
When the wine-glance of love surrenders
the key.

The golden soul of the sweet night may
swing
Its radiant disk o'er the lovers' way,
Where the drooping arms of the pine tree
break
Its glancing light into glittering spray.

Its beams may shine on the green, trailing
vine,
'Neath whose shaded arch the warm blood
may flush
The dark, southern cheek with a richer glow
Than the fruit shall know in its ruddy
blush.

The myrtle may tell, where soft breezes swell,
 And the olive a sweet secret reveal ;
 But the stars and the moon hold not alone
 The depth and richness of love's truest
 seal.

The firelight shines from the hearthstone of
 home,
 The warmth of its flame more clearly to
 prove
 The best of life is the true-hearted wife,
 The love of home the holier love.

A maiden of grace, in soft, floating lace,
 Entrancingly fair, you may win and wed ;
 But fairer still, when with hearty good-will,
 The bare, dimpled arms are moulding the
 bread.

The love should increase, with deepening peace,
 The loved one who meets you and greets you
 more fair,
 When in modest worth, with neatly plain dress,
 Like silk from the loom the smooth, shining
 hair.

The true wife of the home a fire may feed,
 More glowing and warm, more sacred a
 flame,
 Than e'er by virgin was tended or known
 On vestal altar, whatever the fame.

The love of God and the love of nature, in
 its higher form,
 Seems near akin. The flashing lightning and
 thunder of the storm
 We look upon as worthy of His majesty; if
 with fear
 We quake, we say, as Jacob of old, surely the
 Lord is here
 And dreadful is this place, and shrink as
 shrank the Israelite host
 From Sinai's burning mount, and deem, too,
 we hear God's voice almost,
 As they then heard from smoke and light-
 nings, and thundering's jar;
 Forgetting, 'as they forgot, when passed the
 elemental war.

Ah ! if we would, in remembrance, linger ; and
 listening there,
 Dread utterance of the law once ceased, love's
 sweetness we would share.
 We should find, as did Elijah, on Horeb's
 mountain high,
 In the still small voice, in solitude, His pres-
 ence draweth nigh.
 In the great strong wind that swept the
 mount, the rifted, broken rock,
 The burning, flaming, wondrous fire, and the
 awful earthquake's shock,
 God was not ; they only passed before Him,
 servants of His will ;
 If, in nature, we would hear His dearest voice,
 we must be still.

When, in harmony with little things, we
 come to know God's plan,
 We note the grass and see the many hues of
 flowers spread for man ;
 Watching their increase, then we come to
 know that they do not grow

By any inner force, grace or will of their own
selves to know ;
They work with him ; their true development
and beauty His will,
Giving, with upturned look or reverent bow,
their best ; He doth fill ;
God's smile is in the lily's cup, and in the
rose's petaled form,
And in the varied-tinted, sweet breathed
blossoms of night and morn.

Fragrant lives ! they are God's bow of prom-
ise spanning all the earth,
Holding fast the rainbow promise of the
skies ; their wondrous worth
Still more enhanced : their graceful curves a
a message of loving care,
A message from Judea, from the King's son
to the King's child here,
His living, growing, glowing word, ever new
from day to day,
Belting all the earth, fadeless, though thrones
and ages pass away.

Ah ! if some promise given should be written
 on your heart,
 What a fragrance and a beauty to your life
 it would impart !

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh,—EZEKIEL 36:26.

Thou heart of fire, heart of flame,
 Tell, O tell me whence you came ?
 Whence this glowing, burning zeal,
 Which you now so keenly feel ?
 What has made you feel and know
 For the depths of others' woe ?
 What has made you seek to win
 Straying souls from paths of sin ?
 Why should you this task essay ?
 Life is fleeting, day by day ;
 Naught of gain in this to self,
 Neither fame nor ease nor wealth ;
 Then, heart of fire, heart of flame,
 Tell, O tell me whence you came ?

Listen, then, and hearken well,
 While a simple tale I tell :—
 Once, you know, I wandered wild,
 Sometimes fierce, and sometimes mild;
 Wayward moods of pride and scorn
 Killed each rose but left a thorn;
 Selfishness fast held in thrall
 Manhood's best and nature's all;
 Blighting breath of sinful storm,
 Chilling fast my beatings warm;
 Love, alone, its watching kept,
 Else my fading hope had slept,
 For to change my halting way
 In earth's potions did not lay;
 For the peaceful, even life
 Ever seemed to die in strife.

Then a day of darkness came,
 Blighted hopes and burning shame;
 On the storm of passion swept,
 Hope was lost and manhood wept.
 O, the storms of darkest night!
 When the clashing forces 'fright!
 When the winds in madness swirl,

Life and death together whirl!
 When the lightning's bolt is struck
 Through the heart of hardest oak!
 Shattered heart, so torn and rent,
 Broken heart, that never bent,
 Heart, the forces of the storm
 Opened to the sunlight warm;
 For this heart, shattered, riven,
 Soon received the light from heaven.

Yes! God meant that I should know,
 Blessed Lord, who loved me so,
 There was power to ease each pain,
 Out of death bring life again;
 Binding up the bruised heart,
 Taking out all sting and smart;
 Power to take the darkened way,
 Light it as a glorious day.
 And He even willed it so,
 Heart of mine, His will to know;
 Life of His, in love to move,
 Willing life to know His love:
 Obedient life his love to prove,
 Holy life to dwell in love;

This the heart that He has given,
Fired with love, aflame for heaven.

We read that all things work together for good
for which we pray,
In the lives of those who love Him, safe
abiding day by day;
But the careless or defiant, when their living
page we scan,
Sometimes shows an awful darkness, seared
and scarred, as under ban;
And we see, e'en for the present, God was
wiser far than we,
For the pleasure seeker finds not, while our
lives are wide and free.
Let me sweep aside the curtain and reveal to
you a sight,
Hid away among life's pictures; more of dark-
ness than of light:—

THE DEATH IN THE FOREST.

PRELUDE.

Fling out the wide folds of the banner of
worth,

The starry-bright flag of the South and the
North!

For red blood is flowing like wine from the
lees;

Fling out its bright stripes, let it float on the
breeze!

Oh! thou nation of stars, how dimmed thy
clear light,

When the cannon-wreathed smoke first hid
from our sight

That flag, which on Sumter came fluttering
down,

Though caught by the bravest and to the
breeze thrown.

The fire-breath of war from the thunder had
broke,

And the nation had reeled and paled 'neath
the stroke

For a moment, but not in cowering fear,
 'Twas blood surging heartward when conflict
 is near.

Then from hamlet and hill came hurrying feet,
 Through village and city, tramp! tramp!
 through each street
 Marched blue-coated soldiers, while bright,
 burnished steel
 Shone sharp in the sunshine, or flashed as
 they wheel.

The voice of the South spoke in hatred and
 wrath,
 The brave northern eagle stern-barring the
 path;
 While the battle-flames that 'round Sumter
 had rolled
 Kindled hearts with its breath to the daring
 of old.

THE ENLISTMENT.

Where the stern hills of New Hampshire,
 Grey and rocky, sweep and curve,

Darkened by the spruce and hemlock ;
Where the pine-crests toss and wave
In as sharp a blast from winter
As is known on Greenland's coast,
With the sun behind the ice-fields
To the shivering native lost.

Where e'en 'neath the summer sunshine
Hardly disappears the snow,
But around the glaciers' edges
Fragrant clovers rankly grow,
And the stretching sweep of pasture,
Where the herds contented feed
'Mong the nodding honeyed blossoms ;
Where the brawling brookways lead
Daring fisher of the trout streams
Through a rough and periled way
When descending at the twilight
Where he climbed in broadened day.

Steep and rugged frown the mountains,
Towering o'er each rocky glen,
With their tops wrapped in a mantle,
Like the drifting mists from fen

When it rises in the dawning
 'Long a river's winding way ;
 Floating, whirling, till the purple
 Transient shows through fleecy grey,
 Lighting up with roseate glory
 'Neath the sunset's ardent glance ;
 Or when crowned by autumn snow-storms,
 Flashing like a distant lance.

'Mid these grandest scenes of nature,
 When the war-notes throbbing broke,
 Lived a youth, on manhood's threshold ;
 As the mountain echoes woke
 Responsive voices of the hills
 Flinging back the drum-rolls' call,
 In his heart re-echoed deeper ;
 Martial fire, to do or fall !
 Bred to deeds of strength and daring,
 And to suffer and endure,
 Weary, hard and toilsome tramping
 From Winnipiseogee's shore,
 Through the forests, o'er the mountains,
 Times of hunting, fishing, camping,
 Trying every nerve and muscle ;

Bringing into ready school
 All that makes men, when most needed,
 Quick to think, alert and cool.

Only in his moral training .
 He had not known discipline,
 But in that free, country living
 Tempted not by grosser sin ;
 Only child of doting parents,
 Who would every wish supply,
 He had not reached, strong and stable,
 To the place where self must die,
 Or be kept in that subjection
 That the truest manhood knows,
 Caring less for self-indulgence
 Than respect to suffer loss.

Thus the life of Ronald Warland,
 Let me call him by that name,
 When the call for men was sounding ;
 Very commonplace and tame,
 When the bugle-notes were ringing,
 Or the drum corps rattling play,
 Was the quiet, even living,

When, in fancy, far away
 'Mid the scenes of camp and marching,
 Where the mystic Southland lay,
 Fancies formed of fame and glory
 Born from out the deadly fray.

There were tender ties to sever
 If he listened to this call,
 For a fair and loving maiden,
 Too, in him, would give her all;
 Day by day suspense to suffer,
 One, whose joys were all too few,
 In whose heart the seed was lying
 Dormant, of a woman true;
 Born to love, but born to suffer,
 Loving much, but self-restrained;
 One whose heart, though slowly bleeding,
 And with feelings deeply pained,
 Would grow sweeter in the trial;
 One whose soul would surely rise
 To the sacred best of woman:
 Patient waiting; sacrifice.

When the hours of youth and manhood
 Mingle as a fount and stream,

Not to sober circumspection
Is each judgment what would seem
Best for him whose hopes are floating
To the haven most desired,
And what looks an ark of safety
By the glowing sunrise fired,
When the sunset comes upon it
'Tis but driftwood on the shore,
And the hopes are lost forever.
Lost? Yes, gone for evermore!

Ronald Warland! Ronald Warland!
Could you've seen the cost that day
When you signed enlistment papers,
Donned the blue to meet the grey,
Shrinking back, though you had counted
Death the price, or loss of limb,
You'd have thought it far too heavy
For a youthful dream of fame;
Even though your country called you
Had you known what you must give,
Then your heart had failed within you,
Hope had died, though you must live.

In the cavalry enlisted
Loving hearts would speed him on,
Busy hands would form him comfort
During days he should be gone.
After weeks of drill and marching,
Breaking in the raw recruit,
He was ordered on to Concord
As the city on the route
From which taking transportation
For the seat of war to go.
Then came partings from some loved ones
Kiss on lips and cheek and brow,
Clinging hands, that ne'er in meeting,
Might each other's grasping know
In the future darkly shaded,
Where alone could cast a glow,
Hope, the morning-star of ages,
Hope, that cheers the heart of years;
Hope and Love are two immortals,
In whose union perish fears.

Only of the dearer loved ones,
Dearest loved one of them all,
She would go with him to Concord;

Hers the last, the tender call
 When the train was outward speeding;
 Hers the last sight of his face;
 Hers the smile to cheer him onward,
 Though hot tears displace its grace.

How could they in such a moment
 Think the human heart would dare
 Cast a cloud of vile suspicion,
 Weave 'round them a deadly snare?
 As the innocence of childhood,
 Rustic youth and maiden, pure,
 In the freedom of well-doing,
 In this hour of making more
 Than common sacrifice; death's hour
 Perhaps, the last, the parting time;
 And parting gun might be the knell
 Of a crushed heart, when ruddy waves,
 Flame bound, death's stream should swell.

THE BLACK HORSE.

Step by step we need not follow,
 For the lesson is not there,
 Brave he was and a true soldier;

Had he fallen, many a tear
Had bedewed the recollection
Of an honored soldier's grave;
But he won for gallant service
There, a stripe upon his sleeve,
Under Sheridan, the dashing
Leader of the brave and true,
Men with lives for love of country
Daily pledged to dare and do.

Once they swept in early morning
Through a village of the foe,
Who, surprised, fled in a panic
Scatt'ring as they onward flew;
Ronald Warland, light and wiry,
Mounted on a heavy horse,
Fresh, a night of resting after;
A beast, though, whose lazy course
Would oftentimes peril his rider;
Lack of spirit and of dash;
Saw a Southron trooper fleeing,
And with resolution rash
Dared leave his comrades and follow,
Coveting the horse he rode

As he saw his speed and action
Weighted by a heavy load.

Fine limbed as an Arab courser,
Black as night, of easy speed,
A proud and fiery stallion,
A soldier's ideal steed.
On him were the marks of usage,
Of hard riding during night,
Else it had been vain to follow
As to follow eagle's flight.
Even then he seemed but playing,
As if drawing Ronald on,
Till he reached a sloping hillside ;
Sped the black steed swiftly down
While his rider, surely trusting
In the sureness of his stride,
On his neck the bridle flinging
Faced around in the mad ride ;
Each his hands held a revolver ;
Steady as a statued centaur
Sat he in his saddle seat ;
Twice the deadly bullet's whistle,
Did our soldier's hearing greet.

When the black horse, the sure-footed,
Stepped upon a rolling stone ;
Riderless, swift he dashed away,
With his rider headlong flung ;
Death had met him in that moment,
And the steed a mile away
Stopped, cropping the tender herbage,
Was our soldier's mount that day ;
Through the rest of that great struggle,
Carried through the whole campaign,
Swift and strong, and so sure-footed
That he never slipped again.

As the straws are blown and lifted
By the toying summer breeze,
Or the leaves in autumn woodland
Drifted, falling from the trees,
So the course of him who journeys
Following life's winding way
Where the breath of passion urges
As his inclinations sway ;
So was Ronald ; I have written
Of this warlike episode
Not to show his careless daring,

And the gallant way he rode,
 As to give a deeper knowledge
 Of his character, as seen
 Viewed by eyes of truest friendship ;
 Of the lack of discipline,
 That would lead him into danger
 Where there was no higher prize
 Than the will of but the moment,
 Under which no purpose lies
 Save he looked with wish and longing,
 And would seek to grasp and hold,
 With no thought of self denial ;
 And his disposition bold
 That would lead him, half uncaring,
 Into ways of crime and sin
 If it reached a full fruition.
 Self the motive! self must win !

THE RETURN.

In those days it was no strange thing
 In the changes wrought by war,
 That the messages of loved ones,
 Might be very few, and far
 Between in bringing comfort,

Or relief to burdened hearts ;
And to Ronald or his loved one
It might seem the common part,
In failure to receive answer
To letters from time to time ;
Ronald missed, but bore up bravely
When none came, no cheering line,
And as came opportunity
Amid the busy, shifting life
A message would be sent by him
To speak safety after strife,
When battlefield had crimsoned been
With blood, and shudd'ring souls
Waited and listened, as to hear,
Sighs and groans, like distant tolls
Of death bell swung 'mid low'ring storm,
When the thickened air, oppressed,
With nameless horror seems freighted ;
And the sorely lab'ring breast
Pants, and panting longs for hearing
Till suspense seems worse than woe ;
Thus with kindly thought of cheering
Would each message northward go.

Came the day when warfare ceasing;
 Triumphant peace was swelled forth
 In a glad, triumphant cheer
 That went pealing through the North,
 Louder than the roar on eastern coast
 Of breakers thund'ring 'gainst shore;
 It broke upon the mountain peaks
 And filled the glens; floated o'er
 The smooth waters of silver lakes;
 Sending among the tow'ring trees
 Silv'ry echoes, sweet, musical;
 Borne upon the western breeze
 To the glad Pacific's waters
 It rested on its placid breast,
 Mingling peace with peace, pacific,
 North with South, and East with West.

By the eyes who saw the coming
 Of the soldiers who returned
 Ne'er will be the scenes forgotten;
 Deeply, deeply have they burned!
 O'er the blue lines' steady marching
 Waved the torn flags: shot and shell
 Shred and tattered, powder blackened,

From the battle's fiery hell ;
How the long and swinging footsteps
Was the soldiers' marching tread,
And their bronzed and bearded faces
Glowed with feeling, homeward led.
Here and there an arm was carried
Hung from neck, within a sling,
And more than speaking eloquence
Did the conflict's story bring.
Oh ! the cheers of men and women.
And the tears of women, too !
How the waiting wives and mothers
Broke the ranks of boys in blue !
Hands were grasped and eyes were meeting,
While fell tears like summer rain.
Many meeting ! Many greeting !
Many missing, ne'er to come again !

How the eyes of Ronald sharply
Searched each densely crowded street,
Till the martial show was over,
For the one he longed to meet ?
Vainly, vainly you will seek her,
You, who thought her all your own,

False, for many a day believing,
 While her heart will sadly moan
 For your falseness, she is thinking
 That you are the one untrue,
 Spider never wove a finer
 Web, than woven 'tween you two.

Ronald Warland, what is ailing?
 Have you seen the wraith of Death?
 Why are you, while almost reeling,
 Sharply drawing in your breath?
 You, a soldier, brave and sturdy,
 Deathly sick by just a word!
 Pallid, falt'ring and unsteady!
 "Married," your proud mother said!

MARRIAGE.

I would not trace out the pathway
 Of this plot akin to sin,
 The deceptive, sinuous windings
 Of the serpent, through and in
 The Eden of love and loving,
 Till was lost the garden fair,
 And breath of spring-time roses
 Died upon the lifeless air;

How the sweet and rhythmic beating
 Of heart harmony was jarred,
 And hereafter, thus discordant,
 To remain forever marred.

Much there is, too, that shall never
 Till that day be brought to light,
 When, before God's throne in judgment,
 'Tis revealed to purer sight;
 Neither shall the fruit perfected
 Of its cyclic course be known,
 Till the pendulum gigantic,
 This fair earth, has left its zone.

Only this, for clearer meaning,
 I will now here interline,
 Showing how this step, regretted,
 Was thus made without a sign
 Or a warning to a loved one,
 That the sting might sharper smart;
 How, when love is drowned in scorning,
 Ruthless it will crush its heart.

Stories to her ears had floated
 Of her name a wicked jest,

And by Ronald unresented ;
True, for a severer test,
She knew that she had overstepped,
Unwittingly, it may be,
The bounds that worldly prudence puts,
And unsullied lives may see,
To guard them from a way where wrong
Might conquer holiest right ;
Thus still deeper did it rankle
As she hid it out of sight.
Messages, that never reached her,
Would have shown how untrue
Were the doubts, for purpose fostered ;
Many years before she knew
How another sought to win her,
And would make such means as these
Fill the measure of his triumph,
Only for himself to please ;
Thus to gain what never yielded,
Or could yield a moment's bliss ;
Hearts cannot be satisfied
With an empty form, as this.

At last, in craved for sympathy,
All alone, she turned to him,

Love she could not ever give him ;
 Soon with tears her eyes were dim ;
 A thankless, loveless life she led,
 Almost a slave ; he e'en beat
 In savage passion, taunting her,
 And commanding ne'er to meet
 Her former love ; and jealous wrath
 Burned to ashes what had been
 The only tie e'er to have given
 Him the chance her love to win.

Why will the wounded human heart
 Smitten to its woe from love
 Turn to love again for comfort ?
 Is it nature from above,
 Unsatisfied without an arm
 To lean upon, that e'er brings,
 If followed true, to higher way ;
 Or to deeper darkness flings
 The soul who dares its light betray ?
 Wondrous light, whose struggling birth
 If cherished into strength and growth,
 Would make Paradise of earth !
 Infant Divine, in lowliness,

Yet cradled Omnipotence,
 Surely to crucial hour
 Leading. Where earthly selfishness,
 Powers of intellect or sense
 Stumbling o'er the very threshold
 Would not venture in, but sigh
 At the external dreariness,
 Never seeing that near by
 Was power, sweetness in innocence,
 A new birth, a glorious life
 Risen in its own defense.

Wounded affection, blighted hopes,
 Called up strength of Ronald's pride;
 His nature was not vain, but proud,
 So far as to override
 Sometimes the better common-sense;
 And it led him soon to wed
 A woman who, in former days,
 He had scarce recognized; not bred
 His equal, e'en in moral life;
 Of weak and frivolous mind;
 Features fair, nature's recompense,
 Disposition gentle, kind;

If home-life in her youth had been
 What it ought, she might have made
 A true woman ; a faithful wife.
 The mother loved, thus 'twas said,
 The fatal cup that steeped the brain
 In sin and madness ; deepest shame !
 And from a child the maid had been
 A sufferer from the same.

Too oft, in romance, of living
 Marriage is the aim and end ;
 In real life 'tis the beginning,
 The heart of all, to lend
 New motives, high hopes ; impetus
 Fresh-born to pursue the ways
 Of common purpose, centring
 Not in self ; its warmer rays
 Producing growth, new and vernal,
 Till the past, faded, dead lies ;
 From the present springs eternal
 Issues, from its joys and sighs.

Thus the new life came to Ronald ;
 With it came longing desire

To throw aside the past, forget ;
And while love lacked its former fire,
To be affectionate and kind ;
Do his best to knit the tie
Between them into common love,
That o'er first love's grave should lie ;
That it might buried be forever ;
Nor mock him with a fancied bliss ;
But let it die as breath of air,
As seeming died that parting kiss.

His was a nature to have stirred
And roused, perhaps, to noble things
If the wife had onward pointing
Moved with him in all that brings
And draws near those who sympathize.
Prosperity seemed to flee,
And success crowned not his ventures.
Year by year he knew that he
Was losing, e'er downward drifting ;
And she in trifling things dwelt
Content, and had no higher wish
Than frivolous pleasures felt.
And e'en the children that, to bless

And would have blest, with years came,
Seemed not to bring to duty's sense
The mother's love, or show to her
Of such neglect the consequence.

Of Ronald's mother let us draw
A picture here, light to throw
Upon some details little shown
In the dark'ning scene we know.
She was a woman dark and proud ;
Haughty and vain, she ruled over
Her household with iron hand ;
And e'en her friends must e'er submit,
Or soon feel, to her demand,
Her sore displeasure in some way ;
The father, good, easy man,
Loved peace too well to e'er dispute
Her imperious sway. And can
To this woman, apparently,
Be traced many a broken thread
In this clouded woof of life,
Whose ragged end did e'er lead
To sorrow, misery and sin.

'Tis shrewdly thought, 'twas her kept
 The messages that never reached
 Ronald's love; the tears she wept
 And the days of anxious watching
 Seems not to have touched this heart;
 She wished to break the tie that bound
 Him to the one whom she thought
 Below him in worldly station.
 But the marriage he had made,
 For her, seemed like retribution;
 Such disgrace on her it laid,
 A thousand times she sadly wished
 First love left to take its course.
 On her the sin thus had recoiled
 And multiplied, and grew worse.

Was it strange the life of Ronald
 Grew slothful, stagnant and still?
 Void of higher inspiration
 Inert was, of powerless will?
 A Jack-of-all-trades he became,
 Ingenious, and of ready mind;
 But, unsmiling on his wooing,
 Success from him fled, to find

Or leave no hope, no resting place.
 The most sensitive of all,
 The highest natures and the best
 Always seem to lowest fall
 When trav'ling o'er the downward way.
 To his lips the ready curse
 Became a constant, breathe'd thing;
 Filling an influence worse,
 At purity a deadly blow,
 The foul and nauseous weed
 Steeped his whole body in its sin,
 Its naught less than pois'nous seed.

Tobacco! Is it not a source
 Of sensual and of sensuous life?
 Do men grow better by its use,
 As tempered blade meet for strife?
 In lesser form some may believe
 A virtue 'tis, and not vice;
 But a smooth and treacherous thing,
 It is like slippery ice
 Ever unsafe; a moral wrench
 On the whole being is brought.
 In greater use more pernicious,

With ruin and with stupor fraught.
 Men buy and use while hungered ones
 Are crying, dying for bread ;
 While round the world resound the moans
 Of those who might be fed
 With but a fraction of the cost
 Of this darling, loathsome pet,
 That is dragging its votaries
 To deeper slavery yet.

OFF TO KANSAS.

Six years passed ; but all its changes
 For Ronald better wrought not ;
 Three children, too, made harder task
 The daily problem ; he sought
 Another way to reach success.
 From the distant West came glowing
 Accounts of verdure and fruit ;
 Of a land whose teeming richness
 Of tree and flower, corn and root,
 Seemed like distant land of promise
 Smiling 'neath the setting sun.
 Yes ! the tales were bright and glowing
 As though traced and roundly done

By its softened rays, at even,
On the gorgeous lines of sky,
As in blended bands of glory
O'er that land they hov'ring lie.

This the time when intimately
I came to know him; his ways,
His thoughts, his life may have received,
From my fresh life, in those days,
(For hope was strong within me then,
The days were bright, and friends were true,)
A new impulse, an onward push.
His past, that I after knew,
Was unknown to me; unrevealed
Save glimpses of the common life,
And what are common interests
With which the world e'er is rife.
Together we hunted; rambled;
Plied the taxidermists' art;
And I won his firmest friendship,
So when came the time to part
We parted with a real regret.

After months of careful planning,
'Wakened to new interest,

He perfected to his liking
The details for going West.
He must leave his wife and children
In New Hampshire for a while,
Till commencing farm and dwelling
On prolific Kansas soil.
For their comfort he provided,
As he could in the best way,
Among their friends and near kindred,
Till should come the longed for day
When the welcome summons coming,
To a home prepared should bid ;
And he hoped to leave behind him
All the old life ; to be rid
Fore'er of its disappointments,
Of memory's saddened fret,
And amid new scenes and wild life
Have no time to know regret.

So we parted at the depot,
I, the one to press his hand
In the last and fervent clasping,
Ere he sped fast overland.

THE WESTERN HOME.

In safety he reached Topeka,
After a long and weary ride,
Where he quickly found employment ;
Which enabled him to tide
Over the first difficulties
Of the unfamiliar place,
And to gain a better insight
Of the native Western race,
Or people country born and bred,
So unlike New England men ;
When law desiring but too free
To mete forth Lynch law, e'en when
Tardier action would have met
Needs of justice and of right ;
A border state where men might give
Time to him who had in fight
Imbrued his hands in human blood,
But he who stole a horse swung
Quickly into eternity :
To the nearest tree was hung.
The life of beast was so counted
Of more worth than life of man ;

The human soul, value unknown,
Was swept away without gain.

A year in Kansas, then he sent
For wife and children to come.
Upon the lands near Silver Lake
He prepared for them a home.
He had passed through some trial scenes
Before the year had flown,
And once had lain close to death's door
Shot, by poisoned arrow, down.

Wife and children again with him
He strove to meet with zeal
The difficulties of the life
A settler must always feel
And meet, in contact with nature
In its wildness, and bad men.
His land was rich ; the fertile soil
Gave luxuriant life and then
Bore what seemed most fabulous crops ;
But the chills and fever came,
His house too low on bottom land
Was built ; I know not whose blame !

But all were sick save one child,
A girl; little, toddling thing!
But mother's stay and father's help,
Though but fragile reed to cling,
In this, their time of greatest need.
She brought cooling draughts from spring
To moisten parched and burning lips,
And for their needs, quick to bring
Whate'er the little hands could find;
Burden hard for child to meet!
But in this time she seemed their all;
Wee but willing hands and feet!

THE FLIGHT.

His strength, the burning sun beneath
Wasting away; with hard chill
Or scorching fever sapping fast
The vital force, strong to fill
In health with unbound energy
When interest is spurring on.

The country 'round was beautiful;
Rankly grew his waving corn
Upon the prairie swell; away

Stretching far as eye could see
 Were flowers massed in banks of bloom,
 Or set in starry array
 In the green earth-sky of the grass;
 Fragile and graceful! the bee
 Toyed with their softly swaying bells;
 The air was heavy with the scent .
 Floating o'er the flowery sea.

Along the bottom cottonwoods,
 Gigantic, towered; pecan trees,
 Pawpaw and wild plum, interlaced
 With climbing vines; where the breeze
 Scarce penetrated 'mong the wild growth,
 So thick and dense; or the sun
 E'er pierced through with the gleaming lance,
 Morn to eve, in crescent run;
 Hiding the deep, black soil beneath
 The damp, miasmatic shade;
 Stored richness of the centuries
 Waiting the opening blade.

But every sense must fail before
 The inexorable law,

And beauty will not satisfy
 Pain racked frames or heart sore.
 Vain is the hope, most fondly vain,
 That in sensuous things should lie
 Peace of heart, or sweet restfulness,
 Or that which will satisfy.

Near the claim of Ronald Warland
 An earlier settler dwelt,
 A man of quarrelsome intent,
 Who, neighborly ties unfelt,
 Cared not for the amenities
 Or courtesies of life ;
 A pioneer of stalwart frame,
 Whose days had been in stern strife
 With nature, wild beasts, wilder men ;
 Desperate, daring and bold,
 His wish and thought some advantage
 Over others to gain or hold.

With this man Ronald had high words.
 Fever shattered as he was,
 He could not bear the insults flung,
 E'en though he might bear the loss

Of ravished corn, and trampling down
Of precious crops ; hopes and stays
When should sweep 'cross the prairie dead
The fierce norther in wintry days.

One night, found feeding on his corn,
Were this neighbor's horses three ;
He gave him bitter warning, then,
Ne'er again to leave them free
To trespass on his rightful claim,
Or, so ran his daring threat,
To shoot them where they should be found ;
Scornful laugh the warning met ;
Who would dare to slay a horse ?
In this country of dread Lynch law
Who would dare to take that course ?

But little did this settler know
Ronald in his tempest mood,
Or disposition from his youth,
To which I previously allude.
When the following night drew near,
Pulling down the precious corn
Again the robber steeds were found,
The ground strewed with refuse torn.

The ready rifle, aimed to kill,
Sped the messengers of death,
And, struggling, sank the noble brutes
Down upon the blood stained earth.
Then o'er his mind the consequence
Flashing like the lightning's gleam,
The bullet or the rope might be
The end 'fore morn should beam;
And to his thought was then recalled,
Fearful sight he once had seen,
Glancing from his cabin door
As sunrise lit the prairie green:
A spreading tree, the night before
Whose beauty he had scanned with pride,
Bore hideous fruit; seven men
Hanging there had strangling died;
The Vigilants had held their court;
Seven ropes; souls were swiftly hurled,
No time for repentance, prayerless,
Into the eternal world.
He could see each face distorted,
And each blackened, swollen tongue,
While the staring eyes protruded;
Dreadful sight, as there they swung!

While he stayed the night had fallen,
And his strained eyes looked away
Toward the tree where he had seen them,
As if, through the starlight-gray,
He again should see them swinging,
Ghastly, grim and horrid sight,
That to him they would be beck'ning,
Out the gloom of deathly night.

But the time had come for action,
He knew he must quickly flee
At any cost; all his labor
Lost; his home again to be
Broken up. That his very life
On his leaving Kansas soil
Depended. He must quickly go;
By midnight ride he might foil
The death pursuit, so sure to come.
Short time was given parting word
With ready mustang at the door,
Who forward sprang like startled bird
Where ran the trail to Topeka.
Cool the night winds swept his face,
Still hotly burned his fevered brow,

Mile on mile his horse's pace
Struck off in measured beat, till reached
A half-way place, where a spring
Bubbling and cool wells up; and here
A few moments halt, to fling
To ground and drink deep draughts,
Cooling, from nature's cup,
And bathe his wildly throbbing head.
But as he would be starting up
His quick ear caught the distant sound
Of a horse at highest speed
Over the way that he had come.
His first glance was at his steed,
Quietly he stood with ears pricked sharp,
As if scenting from afar,
Danger and crisis soon to come,
Upon breath of the night air.

It seemed no use to flee,
Uncovered to foe in rear;
He knew that death rode fast behind,
And the struggle might be near;
To throw away an advantage
Thus, his last and only chance;

And he resolved to stay and wait,
Ready for his foe's advance,
And, if discovered, death to him
In fight who failed to shoot sure;
And both might fall in deadly strife,
Or worse, crippling wounds endure.

He knelt short distance from the trail,
Drawn revolver in his hand
Full cocked; his every nerve now strung,
Tension hard, like a steel band.

His foe drew near, he knew 'twas him,
Recognized his giant frame,
His air, e'en through the shades of night;
Shorter his breathing became.

Just beyond the spring the road forked;
Each branch led by different course
To Topeka. Here the settler
Near to Ronald, reined his horse,
With bent head, listening intently;
Ronald even tried to still
The very beatings of his heart.

Oh! what if, sharply and shrill,
His horse's neigh the throbbing air
Should thrill! Common call to each;
But if it came, revolver shot
Would follow quick; and its breech
Was held with steady grasp and sure,
Finger on trigger. No sound;
No footfall; only the night-wind
Broke the silence all around
With its sighing. The north road, then,
Was taken; and when the last
Distant footfall died away
Ronald mounted and rode fast
Along the other open way.

As the early morning train
Started from Topeka depot
Ronald leaped on board, and then
Was seen the settler, riding fast
Towards them, signalling to hold
The cars. Too late! They gathered speed.
Freer he breathed as past rolled
Mile on mile, whirling, dizzy flight
Of the swelling, prairie ground.

In Illinois, ere second night,
 Relatives and friends he found.

AGAIN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Message sent his wife and children,
 And to Illinois they came
 And joined him, then proceeded on
 To old New England; whose name
 And peace they loved as ne'er before.
 Her tow'ring mountains; her woods,
 Fragrant with balsam of the pine
 Odor laden sunshine moods;
 Her swift rivers and streams, her lakes,
 Dimples that pellucid break
 The beauty, grandeur and the calm
 Of sweet nature's glowing cheek.
 To all was given added zest,
 To see again, to enjoy.
 He had an artist's sense and love
 Of nature. Would oft employ
 Hours in gazing and in drinking in
 Its beauty, till others thought
 It shiftlessness; perhaps it was,

So fine the line, we see not
The difference, that separates
Only when profit or use ;
A day may turn the scale of years.
Gift to cherish, not abuse.

Within the fertile triangle
Of New Boston valley fair,
Bounded by the steep Joe English,
With its precipice of sheer
Five hundred feet of rugged stone,
Scarred and seamed by ragged wear
Of granite strength stern opposed
'Gainst ravage of year on year
Since, when in march of time, the mass
Broke from molten bed beneath,
Grew cool within the outer air
Fanned by the strange breezes' breath,
Full of the ozone of the past,
That, perhaps, the life-spring fed
Of fauna and of flora, growth
Gigantic, that has fast wed
The early periods of the world
With the hearthstone of to-day,

In warmth and tender memories
 Of the softened firelight's play ;
 There, too, rises, green-walled, sloping,
 Uncanoonuc, twin mounts' pride,
 Crowned by oak, and pine and chestnut,
 Tow'ring upward, side by side ;
 There, too, the jagged seaming
 Of the Pulpit on the south,
 Like the wide and threat'ning gaping
 Of a cruel, sharp-fanged mouth ;
 It was here that Ronald Warland
 Settled on a valley farm,
 And here first came prosperity
 With the peacefulness and calm
 Of two years' earnest, lab'ring life,
 When the toil seemed well repaid ;
 And in his life was more content,
 More of sunshine, less of shade.

VACATION RAMBLES.

For all his quick, impulsive ways
 With me he was always kind.
 Pleasant he was as a companion,
 True a comrade as you find,

As the rougher world views these things.
Many faults he had, I know,
But those I overlooked, and days
And nights, at times we would go
Together on some rambling quest
Among nature's wilder ways,
Hunting or fishing, or lining
The bees, in the sunlight's blaze,
Toward some shadowy, distant grove,
For stores hid in some old tree,
For sweetness left among decay
While the harvest days should be.

These were vacation times, the days
In busy life now and then
Caught between, for recreation;
Sunny days they e'er remain,
Brightened by autumn leaves
Vivid colored by the frost,
Crimson and green, and brown and gold,
Till in the wide vistas lost
Of the shimmering, golden sheen.
Days full of laughter of brooks,
Babbling voices out of pebbly

Reaches, 'mong the shady nooks ;
List'ning to the whirring partridge,
List'ning to the hum of bees,
Plucking the wild grapes' purple clusters,
Watching the squirrels in the trees.

Many pictures fair are clustered
Round the old Joe English hill ;
Pictured scenes, with light and shading,
That would many volumes fill ;
But I pencil, touching lightly,
That I may not weary you,
As they open in the distance,
Still enchanting to the view.

But two pictures I'm recalling ;
One, lit by the camp-fire's flame ;
'Tis the hill environed lakelet
That bears the mountain's name.
When we reached it, past the sunset,
As the twilight shadows grew,
Gleamed the afterglow reflections
In its waters, white and blue,

Till it shone a gem, like sapphire,
In its rook encircled brim
As we watched our floats light resting
On its waters, growing dim
As the starry night grew round us,
Till the firelight flashed high,
Fed by pitchy pine knots heavy,
And by driftwood high and dry ;
Then the ruddy light flashed outward,
And the giant shadows danced
'Long the shore in shapes fantastic,
O'er the waters broad expanse.

And the other scene is graven
In still deeper, sharper lines,
For I gazed as look the dying
On the last of earthly signs.
We ascended old Joe English
By the long and winding way,
For that route is easier climbing ;
It was in the hot midday
When we reached the tree-grown summit
O'er that awful precipice,
Where to climb meant sure destruction
If your foothold you should miss.

I had fallen, sprained an ancle
'Tween two sharply jutting stones,
Though some moments sick with anguish,
As I found no broken bones,
We had forward pressed to gain it
Till we stood upon the height,
Drinking in the scene below us
Sharply traced by bright sunlight;
Rural scene of hills and valleys,
Cottages and smiling farms,
With a look of peaceful quiet,
As secure from all alarms.

Then we rolled a great stone over,
Saw it start with giant bound,
Striking the cliff far below us,
And with fainter, fainter sound
Strike and strike again, till heard not,
Only we saw trees bow and fall
Under the awful momentum
Gathered down that rocky wall.

LEGEND OF JOE ENGLISH.

Joe English, the friend of white men,
Was an Indian, it is true,

Who wished his people live at peace,
As the early settlers knew.
He went and came at his free will,
With them often shared his game,
Until transformed from savage brave
He received this English name.

His tribe was camped at Amoskeag,
Above the plunging, foam-white falls,
Before they leap, roar and thunder
As the waters chafe the walls.

All along the swift Merrimack
And the clear Piscataquog
Roamed the daring, red-skinned hunters,
Knowing every plain and bog,
Ev'ry mountain, ev'ry valley,
Knew the course of ev'ry stream ;
Caught the salmon at their fishways,
Speared the pike and caught the bream.

When the time came that they plotted
The massacre at one blow
Of the settlers of New Hampshire,
Before they should know

Of their hostile, deadly intent,
Joe English risked his own life
To warn the whites, and they prepared,
Amid flaming homes and strife,
Beat back the raging storm of hate,
Tomahawk and scalping knife.

But for the timely warning given,
Ere this murderous storm was rife,
'Twould have been extermination
To the whites within this vale;
Cut off, they were, from outside help;
But his warning made them fail.
From this time marked, savage vengeance
Sought him everywhere, to slay,
Till in the forest, near the mouth
The Piscataquog, one day,
As the sun rode low the western
Sky, he was beset by savage foe,
Bent on his capture and his death.
Many they were, one way to go
Alone was open; too well he knew
Savage torture meted out
To captive taken; better quick death.

Fleet as a runner and stout
 Of body, and very lithe of limb,
 He bounded away up the stream,
 But followed hard and fast was driven
 To this mountain, it would seem,
 As his last hope, and made his stand
 O'er this precipice; his last;
 Boldly jumped to save his scalp,
 Or in the struggle o'er cast.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

When we were ready to return,
 It was proposed to go down
 Edging across the steep descent,
 A way as dangerous known,
 And reach the ledges at the side;
 With each other's help to swing
 From shelf to shelf until we gained
 The mountain's foot, which would bring
 Us nearer home, saving miles
 O'er stony road; a hard way
 For me with ankle lame and sore,
 'Neath beating sun; hot midday.

And so we ventured out upon
The rocky face, o'er the brow,
From where Joe English fell, was dashed,
Ground to pieces, far below ;
Ronald, used to mountain climbing,
Holding with hands and feet, led ;
He swung across the awful fall,
I tried to follow ; instead
Of using feet, I had to hold,
Swing by use of hands alone,
And, too late, I found I could not
Shift them to move, but hung down
Without a chance should hold relax.

No hope! I saw the sky ;
The awful stretch of rock beneath ;
And I thought how I should lie,
('Twas like a dream,) mangled and crushed ;
Vision of sorrowing wife
Sent a pang piercing to my heart
And nerved me to the hold for life ;
Then heard I voice of friend below
Encouraging me to cling ;
Then saw him move along the face
Of rocky wall ; balancing

On a narrow shelf, where scarcely
 Foothold was for mountain sheep
 Or climbing goat ; slowly along
 Where a jar against the steep
 Or a quick step would headlong fling.

He came beneath, his hand prest
 My foot ; steadily bore me up ;
 “ Now,” he cried, “ on me rest,
 And shift your hold ! ” ’Twas quickly done ;
 A turn ; a spring ; and a ledge
 Was reached, and I was safe once more,
 Though rough way to forest’s edge.

CHANGES.

The ways of novelty and change
 Are more than ways of steadfast life
 To some, who look on outward things ;
 Rest and peace are sunk in strife
 For self, for gold, for baser range
 That darken the feelings’ play ;
 The soul of life unknown, unseen,
 Is left to perish away.

I would gladly leave unpenciled,
Buried in the lowly grave,
All that would not show true manhood
In the one who was so brave.
There are lines that run so darkly
That they end in ragged blot ;
What is underneath God knoweth
And the motives ; I shall not
Handle rudely or irreverent,
Though my hand shall draw most true,
That which cannot have a lesson,
As we trace that life-thread through.

The time came when Ronald Warland,
Dissatisfied, sought for gain
Some easier way ; the life of toil
That he led had, in the main,
Brought him only blessings ; regained
Health, sweet sleep, abundant food
Plain and substantial, not dainty,
But to him of relish good.
He was thriving in every way,
Better than ever before,
But money seemed to be his thought,

At any cost to have more.
He seemed to think that gold would buy
Ease of heart and every joy ;
First ventured forth with honesty
Artistic sense to employ,
To turn to dollars what had been
Hitherto a loss to him ;
Sacrificed his home and home-life,
Yielding up on them all claim
Gave his two daughters to strangers,
For adoption, as their own.
His judgment may have been at fault,
For sin I would not condone,
But, truly, that he thought it best,
For he was a father kind ;
Too indulgent, it may have been ;
Care for body, not for mind.

Did he succeed ? In money, yes !
But used his art to pull down,
And not build up the lives of men
When better paid him 'twas shown ;
'Twas the breaking down of manhood
And the entering upon

A path of questionable things,
A way with distrust sown.

With studied care he moved along
In the road of wily fraud,
Sharply weighing every chance;
On the laws of man and God
Trampling with cool impunity
Apparently. Then to me
Came fuller knowledge of his life
And growing depravity;
I turned from him without a word,
Or effort to reclaim him
From the tightening bands of sin;
My only light that of dim
Morality; no hope for him
Wrapped around with Circean spell,
Lost in the dark'ning glooms of night,
E'en if some ray feebly fell.

Ah, yes! How changed to awful shapes,
Beastly and swinish, when lips,
Once glowing with true manhood's life,
Press the cup of sin and sips

That fateful draught of madd'ning change ;
No more to stand erect in light,
But bound and held to come and go
'Mong the scum and filth of night.

And what, through all this time of change,
Shall we say of her, the wife?
That help on which so much depends,
That anchor 'mid the storms of life
Within the haven of home,
If true to high womanhood
She is the "glory of the man,"
Ever true and pure and good.

Those who have been reared up under
Careful, loving mother's eye,
Who, her care and warnings, only
Barred the way where follies lie,
Will they conceive how an erring
Mother may implant the seed,
That in years for bloom and blossom
Proves to be a noxious weed?
If in childhood the foundation
That was laid by mother's hand,

Where should be the holiest safeguards,
 That true womanhood may stand
 In God-meant strength, in home-life
 Sin and sensual things are taught
 Let our blame be lost in sorrow,
 Let us still have kindly thought
 For the one thus early laden
 With a weight so hard to bear,
 With no gentle hand to help her,
 Nor a mother's earnest prayer.

If it were not for contrasting,
 That the true may brighter shine,
 I would shrink from this retouching
 Of each hidden, shaded line.

Fallen! God can see how tempted,
 He alone, who knows the heart.
 Pity her, O white-robed woman,
 Who hath chosen better part.
 You may think he dragged her downward
 In his maddened thirst for gain,
 But I've thought, perhaps, it might be
 That this thing had turned his brain;

That through years she had neglected,
That through years she had misused,
He had carried knowledge hidden
Of a past misspent, abused.

She was a weak and erring woman,
Not one hopelessly depraved,
And, could she have been enlightened
With a wisdom, heart-engraved,
Of a better, truer living
Of a life whose ways are known,
Through eternal ages bringing
Back to what in earth is sown,
Then she might have wept and lingered
At a loving Saviour's feet
Till the past had been forgiven,
And the present made complete
In a love to hold and uplift,
With a power to work the change;
But we deal with facts unyielding,
And we must no longer range.

The sorrow for this faithlessness
Grew to wild and savage hate;

Day and night he plotted revenge,
Relentless as the hand of fate.

REVENGE.

Men who strike, in sudden vengeance,
The destroyer of the home
Have the sympathy of many,
And are justified by some ;
But a deep and hellish hatred
That would plan to ruin bring
All the lifetime of the fellow
Being who had done this thing,
Sorely tempted, to his sorrow,
From the way of love and right,
By the spell of fickle woman
Hid from virtue's shining light,
Seeking not his downfall only,
But to strike at hearts more dear
Than a man's own life is counted ;
Bringing misery and fear,
Desolation and sore anguish ;
While his own pockets should fill
Full of blackmail gold, grown brighter
Fired by hate too deep to kill.

This man gave to Ronald Warland
His life's savings, all he had,
Borrowed money, contracted debts;
Stripped of all, 'twas very sad,
That knowledge might not reach his wife
Of his misdoing; the wife
Half an invalid; delicate
And gentle; and in her life
Refined and womanly. He felt
He could not bear she should know
His treachery and sinfulness;
He loved her, an added woe,
That she might go forever from
His side, and her pure heart wrung
Do as man would do, ne'er forgive;
Over him the blade, hair held, hung.

But Ronald did not e'er design
To lose this one last sweet drop
Of his revenge; in this was blind;
'Twas the time for him to stop,
To rankling leave in bitterness
And dread suspense worse than all;
He judged by self and brought defeat
To his own aim past recall.

Some means he took that she should know,
The sin, and its consequence
Her husband's complete ruin sealed,
Ere he departed hence.

Ah! the heart of a true woman
Greater wealth than Indies holds,
But she all the one indues
Who with key of love unfolds;
Man may wrong, deceive and blind her
While in many ways untrue,
When repentant he will find her
Pitying, loving, leading through
With a tact that's more than knowing,
With unselfishness sublime,
Bearing roses on the thorn-crown
Fragrant through unmeasured time.

This gentle woman, sorrowing,
Pitying, freely forgave
When she knew how he had suffered,
And she stilled her heart to save.
Then she wrote to Ronald Warland
An appeal, earnest and clear,

With wifely dignity, showing
 And marking out without fear
 The lines where duty lies, and said
 Persecution ought to cease,
 That nothing more was to be gained,
 Every claim he should release
 If aught he held to terrify ;
 "Sinning, he was sinned against,
 Husband I will not condemn," said she ;
 "Who knows where the sin commenced."

It may have touched slumb'ring feelings
 Buried deep in Ronald's heart,
 For he ceased to longer follow,
 Dropped the hard, revengeful part.

THE FIRST LOVE AGAIN.

Ronald Warland, in the triumph
 Of his schemes for getting gold,
 Met his love of days remembered,
 Met first love of days of old.
 Well he knew that she had suffered,
 And he knew she loved him still :

That the glamour of their youth-life
Would not go away at will ;
Passing years of unknown longing,
And of heart-want unsupplied,
Was a burden unforgotten
Of companionship denied.
True, she was wife of another,
Of a jealous, unwise churl,
She was now the sober matron,
Not the graceful, laughing girl.

Fifteen years since last they clasped hands
With that long and clinging touch,
And sad time, with leaden footsteps,
Marked the tear-stained way with such
Tender mem'ries of love's springtime,
Is it strange they still should feel,
When their hands met light together,
Something of the old-time thrill ;
Each knew well the base endeavor,
That successful, warped and marred
Both their lives from what they had meant,
When in evenings, brightly starred,
They had walked with love's confidence ;

Or in the golden light of morn,
Spilling the dew from out the heart
Of roses, soft in the dawn
And glowing, like the cheek they pressed.
They had planned a happy home
Not far away ; a humble roof,
To cover joyous days to come.

Is it not true, that we may map
Lines for men's and women's lives,
And straight and discreet for their walk,
There's something still that in them strives
Loth to be bound by settled laws?
These lines can never bind hearts!
They throb and beat, softened pants,
Stirred by a touch, a memory,
Or, perhaps, unguarded glance;
Unseen they come and go, unknown,
Save when another heart shall know
And catch the meaning of that thrill,
In it finding joy or woe.

I cannot show you step by step
The dangerous way, followed fast

Despite jealous watch ; interviews
 Stolen were held, and at last
 Ronald proposed to cast aside
 The legal fetters that apart
 Held them ; divorce for him was sure
 From faithless wife ; and by art
 And money he would set her free
 From her husband's jealous claim ;
 They, pictured happiness, would flee
 United, bear a common name.

Human nature has reasoned thus
 Ever since the race began ;
 And hard to know the right from wrong
 By the standards set by man.
 All, all, but deal with outward things ;
 God alone can rule the heart
 With law of perfect love ; no ill
 Wrought to others cause or part.

Shall we judge this loving woman
 With a cold world's bitter scorn,
 That she spurned not then the tempter ?
 Ah ! her heart was sadly torn

By conflicting thoughts and passions,
And she knew not what to do;
Love had called for her to wander;
Duty called, "O still be true!
True, though clouds be darkly settling,
True, though dimly seen the way!"
Almost yielding to his pleadings
She would not decide that day,
But longer she must consider;
This he gladly granted her,
For he knew her heart was with him,
And was sure he did not err
When he supposed every woman's
Principle was swayed by love.

"The woman that deliberates
Is lost," some writer has said.
Is it true in application?
Let us see here where it led.
She had promised that her answer
Should be sent on such a day
To the place where he proceeded,
Called by business away
From the little mountain village

Nestling near the snow-capped hills ;
 And he left her, never doubting,
 In his way should blend both wills.

At time appointed answer came,
 The answer of a faithful one
 True to a conscience still undim'd,
 True, and the victory won ;
 A letter from sweet womanhood,
 Unblameable still, though erred
 She had, at first, impelled by love ;
 Blame for self only she had.
 But she, as a true woman said :—
 “Ronald, you and I know, whate’er
 The thoughts of others may have been,
 There is no act but what is right,
 If open before God and men
 And all was seen as we do know,
 (There may be folly, but no crime,)
 In days of past or present ones ;
 Let it be in future time
 Unsullied still, whate’er our fate ;
 Better suffering till death
 Than hope in sin for happiness.”
 Decisive, in honest worth !

Ronald received this last message
With a deep and bitter curse :
He could not buy her he cared for ;
Drifted from bad to worse.
About this time he came to me ;
Perhaps he heard, it was said,
My heart was changed ; for God had touched
My heart and I had been led
To give myself to Him. Perhaps
Ronald feared I would betray
Some secrets of his life I held,
In this newly entered way.

But what I knew, by confidence,
I had no right to e'er speak,
I felt ; thus fully assured him.
He believed me and did seek
My friendship as in days gone past ;
But I shrank from him ; unsaid
I left the words that might have brought
Salvation ; perhaps have led
This erring one from paths of sin.
He would have listened to me
When he would not to another.

Ah! this, then, I did not see.
 Strange! not to speak this precious thing!
 Blame me, for I am to blame!
 He saved my life and I let him
 Go forth unsaved; it is shame
 No word was spoken that might bear
 In eternity some fruit.
 It was my first of Christian life,
 Still the seed had taken root,
 Deep, very deep, in life and heart,
 Yet I let this former friend,
 In my abhorrence for his sins,
 Go, I know not to what end.

I left New Hampshire's scenes to dwell
 Far from my earlier home,
 To form new ties, to find new friends,
 In earnest work-days to come;
 More than six years went swiftly by:
 No word came to me of him
 Till I returned to see again
 Mem'ry's fair scenes, far from dim,
 And find so many changes made.
 'Twas strange, but as I returned
 In the deep forest he was found,

Near where our camp-fire once burned,
A skeleton upon the ground.

RONALD'S GRAVE.

He died where autumn leaves fell,
Wand'ring and drifted as his life
Had been. Fit shroud ; it is well
They should enfold and cover him.
Then came winter's snows to hide
Him from all sight through months of cold,
Then spring came ; and all beside
Was springing into life renewed ;
He only stirred not ; but still,
In death's embrace, from mortal eye
Was hid ; where wood-thrushes trill
Among the darkest forest aisles,
And within the blacker shade
Of Joe English mount, where he saved
My life. Here, while summer staid,
The remains of Ronald Warland,
Once brave soldier boy, was found ;
The end of all the earthly way
Is seen, a turfed, lowly mound.

POSTLUDE.

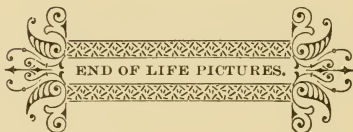
O pine of the mountain, I hear your refrain;
In gloomy array; the winter wind wild
Is whisp'ring and sobbing again and again,
As a sad mother wails o'er the death of a child.
O evergreen heart of the forest so old,
Was the life of a mortal lost in yon glen?
How you shiver and sigh in the darkness and
cold :—
“His life was lost among the children of men!”

O brave, sturdy oak, as you shake your red
leaves,
Defiant, reliant, yet full of good cheer,
Tell me, O tell me, while autumn gales breathe
Through all your wide reaches, of life that is
dear :—
Was the life of a mortal lost in this place?
O stout heart of the forest, speak once again!
“Ah! we wished him but good and all of his
race,
His life was lost among the children of men.”

O lithe, graceful elm, thickly tasseled and
plumed,
But not with the sable that waves o'er our
dead,
In keeping with flowers that so sweetly have
bloomed
In paths of the presence whose coming we
dread;
Strong heart of the forest, in gleaming array,
With leaves of the color of ripe, golden grain,
You, too, are sighing for the life of the clay,
That has fled, lost among the children of men.

I have shown you pictures vernal, born from
from out the dusts of time,
Springing up in light or darkness, not seared
by the chilling rime
That has faded many blossoms 'mid the scenes
I touch so true,
Warmed by little rays of sunshine, brightened
by the drops of dew;

Flowers whose life must be eternal, though
we see them not to-day,
Yet we know the light shall bring them
breaking through each band of clay,
In the morning to awaken, if the day be
glorious light,
From the folding of the earth-cloids to the
robes of purest white.



OTHER
MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.

MISCONCEPTION.

I wrote a rhyme
In precious time,
Time that was given to God,
From darkness to light
It went in its flight,
Sealed with the seal of His word.

The Spirit's voice
Was strong in its choice,
And the love of God was there;
On mission sent,
With pure intent,
It went with fervent prayer.

The world or sin
Must enter in,
With sinuous wisdom dare,

As to Eve of old
A meaning unfold
Untrue to light and unfair.

Your heart you may give
And faithfully live,
And your words be true as steel,
But some will try
And make a lie
From the best you say or feel.

God knoweth the heart,
'Twill comfort impart
And nerve in the righteous cause;
Be loving and true,
He loveth you,
Loving, fulfilment of laws.

Write and unfold
In words of gold,
What God has given to shine;
False measure won't bend,
The truth in the end,
When covered with His plumb-line.

GOING FOR THE COW.

As in childhood burns the sunset
In its orange, crimson glow,
And I hear the lowing cattle,
While the shadows longer grow;
Then the present seems but dreaming,
As of yore the breezes blow,
Scented by the wildwood blossoms,
While I'm going for the cow.

Oh! the woods of pine and hemlock,
Where the violets used to grow,
Carpeted with fragrant needles
'Neath the branches sweeping low;
Ah! the summer air is heavy,
As again I breathe it now,
Laden with the olden balsam,
As I'm going for the cow.

Oh! the silken, flossy mosses,
That my bare feet used to know,
'Mong the tangled alder thickets
Swaying softly, swaying slow;
And the white and feath'ry birches,
Moving gently to and fro
In the slanting gold of sunset,
While I'm going for the cow.

Oh! the robins in the maples
Singing sweetly, singing clear,
And the mew and song of catbird
With its echo yet is here;
And the cheery, merry whistle
Of the boy still at the plow,
Ringing through the aisles of mem'ry,
While I'm going for the cow.

Oh! the precious springtime blossoms,
From the fields of long ago,
Where the mayflowers of my childhood,
With its roses sweetly blow;
Oh! the brook my bare feet cooling,
Murm'ring softly, murm'ring low,

With its banks of elder blossoms,
While I'm going for the cow

Fainter, fainter grows the sunset,
And its colors flee away,
And the twilight throws its shadows
Ever darker, cold and gray ;
And the vision of my childhood
In the present fading now
Brings the boy to manhood's stature,
No more going for the cow.



“ HE WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY.”

O the wonderful glory of God,
 Shining in Jesus, our blessed Lord,
 Shining out from His life-breathing Word,
 Shining out and shining in
 Whene'er the lost soul we seek and win ;
 O the wonderful glory of God,
 Living and growing,
 Shining and glowing,
 In the life of His life-giving Word.

O the riches of grace He hath given,
 Abundant for earth, leading to heaven,
 Making the narrow pathway so even ;
 Lifting o'er each rocky place ;
 Wonderful, wonderful love and grace !
 O the grace and glory He hath given ;
 Trusting Him wholly,
 Loving so fully,
 The pathway more bright, it neareth heaven.

BEAUTIFUL LIPS.

“Beautiful lips are those whose words
Spring from the heart like song of birds,
And yet whose utterance prudence girds.”

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth
peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that pub-
lisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, Thy God
reigneth.”—ISAIAH 52: 7.

Let lips have the rarest curving
Like the swelling arch of Cupid's bow,
Chiseled like a Grecian goddess
Smiling from a face of Parian snow ;

Let them have the finest limning,
Let the matchless hand of Nature give
More than pictured, pouting sweetness
Held by Raphael, let them glow and live ;

If their arch is not the gateway
Of a loving, pure and faithful soul,
They may please the eye artistic,
But they lose as we behold the whole.

Beautiful lips are those that sweetly
Guard the wealth of a loyal heart,
That in faithful self-denial
Shall most richly to the world impart.

Lips that give the precious message,
Glowing with a pure and holy flame
Lit by coal from off the altar,
Filled with praising of His Blessed Name.

Beautiful lips, whose lullabys
Softly shall float o'er the cradled world,
Loving lips whose teachings lead
Where the banner of truth is unfurled.

Beautiful lips of the mother
Teaching prayer to the child at her knee;
Beautiful lips of darling child,
Smiling and sunny, lovingly free.

Beautiful lips are comforting
The sick, the fevered, the dying one,
Softly soothing the unstrung nerves,
Brightening the way so nearly done.

Beautiful lips make glad the home,
Beautiful lips are true on the street,
From them come the best that is known,
And swiftly borne by beautiful feet.



THE CLASS MEETING.

Emmanuel! God with us!
Low each head was bowed in prayer,
And each heart like David's harp
Was strung with chords of gold;
Then in music sweet was swept
The strings. He whose skillful hand
Brought forth into breathing life
Words and notes of praise and prayer
Was a son of David's line,
And, like David, was a King,
More than all the Son of God.

Then the aged leader spoke;
Out the fullness of his heart
His lips coined words of o'erflow.
E'en the Word of Life he read
Like most precious jewels dropped,
Shining clear in liquid light,

Into the ready casket
Of the heart, open to receive;
And the voice grew full and sweet
Within, in harmony with God.

One by one each answered then;
Sons and daughters beloved
Of the living God and King,
Lovers of the house of prayer;
While the kindled fire within
Purely purged away the dross,
Showing the image reflected,
The Refiner, in each joy,
Each hope, each fear; all in Him
Blent as one, else incomplete.



THE MESSAGE OF PRAYER.

Heart of prayer, my heart sends greeting,
Message full of holy love,
You will know it 'neath the pinion,
Of the Spirit's heavenly Dove.

You will find it bound with slender
Cords of golden light and gleam;
They're strong but do not cut them,
Keep them sacred, as they seem.

They were woven midst deep longings
Of a soul who loves thy soul,
They were tempered by the Spirit
To a finished, perfect whole.

They are prayer cords, and the message
They have held is fraught with joy
In the gladness of its answer,
In its freedom from alloy.

In the time to come let nothing
Mar this life of God within;
Prayer friend, let me feel thee with me
For some other soul to win.

Oh! we know not how God worketh,
Yet we tremble with delight
When His glory shines upon us,
When a soul receives its sight.

Could we lose sight of our weakness,
Surely resting on His word,
In the strength of answered prayer, then,
We should stay upon the Lord.

Sanctified, in Christ abiding,
For His dear name, His dear sake,
Shall not faith claim some straying brother,
Love's unerring choice to make?

Then in close and fervent clasping,
In a compact fast and true,
Let our hands meet warm together,
Every prayer-tie to renew.



ELFIE'S LETTER.

Elfie, dear Elfie, o'er the sea,
Soon, again I will come to thee,
Years have gone since last we met,
But, dear heart, remembered yet
Is the troth we plighted there
In the days of life so fair
When God's call led me far away,
And duty's call to you was "stay."

Elfie, I bore God's word with me
To heathen lands o'er the sea,
Wealth I have not struggled to gain
Lest my life should be all invain;
Weary and worn, from o'er the sea,
Soon, again I will come to thee;
That you are still as true as truth,
Though you, as I, have lost your youth,

That you love me now as of old,
As when to you my love I told,
I know, your heart could ne'er grow cold,
Precious to me, far more than gold.

Dear Elfie, coming, coming now,
And hand in hand we soon shall bow,
To know a sunset without gloom,
Richer, dearer than fervent noon;
Sweet hours, when night only draweth nigh
To brighten the stars in our sky;
Elfie, dear Elfie, o'er the sea,
Swiftly I am coming to thee.



THE INDWELLING CHRIST.

“I in them, Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.”—ST. JOHN 17: 23.

Born of Christ's love! Richer, fuller
 Than I ever knew in days of old
 Is the knowledge of indwelling
 Of the Christ, that my heart now enfolds.

Not in hours of quiv'ring rapture
 Would I, dare I look for a reward;
 Only not to mar the working
 Of Thy will, Redeemer, *Ishi, Lord!

If 'mid sorrows I am walking
 Still Thy will shall be my all in all;
 In the brightness of Thy rising
 Throw aside each dark and deathly pall!

* This word signifies the closest divine union,
 as that of husband and wife.

While the world seems full of echoes
Of a past I ne'er would live again,
Thou hast cleansed away my sin-stains,
Thou alone can change the hearts of men.

If in suffering by the hatred
Of the men whose hearts are far from Thee,
Fill me full with prayer and loving,
Only let Thy will be done in me.

Would I seek for power of riches,
When Thou knew not where to lay Thy head?
I will not refuse to trust Thee,
And Thy hand shall give my daily bread.

Let me not in self be centered,
Ever let my life be hid in Thee,
Thou hast blest my soul with blessing,
Thou, Thyself, hath come to dwell in me.

Deeper, truer, may my life-stream
In Thy will, safe channeled, flow most free,
That a life of Thine indwelling
Blend and weld my soul fore'er with Thee.

DEATH OF BABY.

O *Bunty, my precious, my darling one,
I hear in my chamber your pattering feet,
Your tiny hands to the bedside cling,
Your eyes are smiling in mine, baby sweet ;
But papa is sick, and baby, too,
You are far from well, that dreadful cough
Has shaken and worn your tender frame,
Though you playfully peep and sweetly laugh.

O Bunty, my darling, my precious one,
How, then, could I dream you would drift away,
While I, lying in sickness and pain,
In the shadow of death, yet here must stay ?
O baby dear, how sick you had grown,
Too weak to smile to my heart you were pressed,
'Twas the farewell time, though I knew it not,
Your head should be pillowed upon my breast.

* A pet name.

O Buntz, my precious, my darling one!
 Is it the stars that are weeping to-night?
 How faint they are growing, but now I know
 'Tis my own tears that are dimming my sight.
 The stars did not lose, it was I that lost,
 Gone from my chamber the pattering feet!
 Your laugh, like the chiming music of bells,
 Gone! the smiling eyes no longer I meet.

O baby, my darling, my precious child,
 So near to the brink of the river I lay
 When the angels pressed through the shades of
 night,
 To bear you across to the glorious day,
 Is it strange I heard their music swell
 Afar in the distance, then nearer come,
 And a deep, sweet peace and a heavenly rest
 Should fall on my soul as they paused in your
 room?

O Buntz, my darling, my precious one!
 I heard the music softly, sweetly die,
 Then out on the night air shuddering rang
 A heart-wrung mother's sad and wailing cry.

The spirit so loved and loving soul
 With the angel band passed the curtain unfurled,
 The mother was missing her darling boy ;
 Heaven gained, but a man was lost to the world !

O Buntty, my darling, my precious one !
 It was no dream of night or fevered brain
 When wakened to hear, from refreshing sleep,
 That unearthly sweet and comforting strain ;
 I heard it come and go ; the mother's cry ;
 And when I questioned, they led her to me ;
 Her head was laid on my shoulder at rest,
 With heaving breast, her tears flowed fast and free.

O Buntty, my darling, my precious one !
 That night I wept not, the Comforter came ;
 Above the sorrows of earth I was rocked
 In Arms Everlasting ; blest be His name !
 His promises came again and again ;
 Coupled with that wonderful rhythmic flow ;
 They lifted me up to a purer realm ;
 For I had heard the angels come and go.

EVENING REST.

“Earth is my footstool.”—ISAIAH 66:1.

“And the place of my feet I will make glorious.”—ISAIAH 60:13.

Sinking down where the shores of night
Are banks of rich crimson and gold
Edging a sea of purple light
Is the cradled sun, shining bright,
Gilding the rocks of the mountains old,
The tops of the trees a golden-green,
Shading, lighting the lovely scene ;
 And the spirit of song
 And the spirit of prayer
Springing up from the heart
Floats on the evening air ;
And I rest at his feet
On his promises sweet.
The earth is his footstool,
And the place of his feet
He hath made glorious.

I would shine for Him with glory
 Reflected that holds back the night ;
 Fearless tell the wondrous story
 How sin and self, care and worry
 Are sunk in the crimson ; and light
 From the heavenly sun of love
 Gilds the wings of an earth-born dove,
 Which had so lowly lain
 Among the pots and ware,
 Broken and little worth,
 Sad relics of earth-care ;
 Yes ! I rest at his feet,
 On His promises sweet.
 The earth is His footstool,
 And the place of His feet
 He hath made glorious.

I drink of the Fountain of Life,
 I am covered with crimson glow,
 I am hid from sorrowful strife,
 Or things with which the world is rife,
 In the sea of His wondrous love,
 In the shining rays from above ;
 In His love I abide,

Watching, watching the sun
Sinking at eventide;
Loving the Crucified One.
Yes, I rest at His feet
On His promises sweet!
The earth is His footstool,
And the place of His feet
He hath made glorious.



THE YEAR IS DYING.

The year is dying. I can see the hectic flush
Mantling the hillside and soft glowing from
the trees,

As in consumption's first the cheeks feverish
blush,

The brightly glist'ning eye, half deceive and
still please,

But yet so surely speak decay and wasting
loss ;

So in the bright, red-splashed, frost-turned
leaves I must know

That outward beauty shall become as merely
dross

When golden-crowned, harmonious life shall
cease to flow.

I see the dress of foliage in varied hues ;
In lowly and in sheltered place the green
remains,

As if the early bloom of life it still would
choose,
To stay unchanged through frosts and time,
and still retains
The sober but the ever pleasing hue of health ;
And on the lower branches of the lithe elm
tree,
A golden drift of wave on wave, in seeming
wealth,
Tossed on the autumn air so sweeping, bold
and free.

Higher I see the gold is tinged with russet
brown ;
Here life has met the wave receding from the
shore,
And one by one, each hold relaxed, comes
whirling down
To soon return to parent dust, and known no
more.

'Tis here the lesson of the earth so sadly reads,
Youth, manhood and old age shall surely die,
In the dread struggle hopeless to supply their
needs,
Till death is peace, and life the echo of a sigh.

Dewy yet clear, the eye of faith shall see the
leaves,
Billowed and winrowed on the wind-swept
ground,
In life fulfilled in tree or flower, or golden
sheaves
Of grain, to die and live again and more
abound.
“Die and increase!” I hear a resurrection
hail ;
“There may be change!” with sorrows tears
our eyes are dim ;
But as we lift them up a hand sweeps back
the veil :—
“He giveth all a form as best it pleaseth Him !”



THE BRIDE OF DAY.

O'er the hills with stately pace,
Moving in a ling'ring march,
Gazing, with an upturned face,
At the banded stellar arch ;

Sprinkled, spangled, gem-bedight,
Bright Day's dark and glorious bride
In the mantle of the Night
Golden-fringed on either side.

Hearing voices never heard
Save in deep, mysterious gloom,
When the heart of Nature's stirred,
By sweet Sympathy attuned.

Dropping tears like diamond spray
Where her trailing robe is seen

Tarrying for the coming Day ;
From whose fervent, fiery mien

She must flee or melt away.
Lingering, his lightest kiss
Turns her ghastly pale and grey ;
It is death, though light and bliss.

Falls the mantle from her form,
Meeting on the threshold fair
When the roseate clouds of morn
Towers above the mists of air.

Meeting there her heart is gone,
Nothing left but merge in him,
Naught of darkness after dawn,
Fled the mists and shadows grim.

Voices of the day are there,
Voices that may none affright,
O'er those portals, soft and clear,
Float the voices of the light.



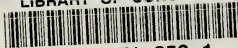






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